

Farewell Folly or The Younger the
Wiser a Comedy as it is acted at the
Theatre Royal by Mr. Motteux.
Printed for James Round at the
Seneca's Head in Exchange-Alley in
Cornhill, London. 1707.

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Farewel Folly:

OR,

The Younger the Wiser.

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal.

WITH A

MUSICAL INTERLUDE,

CALL'D,

The Mountebank:

OR,

The Humours of the Fair.

Never before Printed.

Written by Mr. Motteux.

L O N D O N,

Printed for James Round, at the Seneca's Head in Exchange-alley in Cornhil. 1707.



PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr *Estcourt*.

A Farce! We shall be maw'd—At least, I fear it.
After high Comedy who'll ever bear it?
'Tis your Oat Ale, or Small Beer, after Claret.
Comedy's a fine Lady, with Charms in her.
Farce, a Mad, Giggling, Mobb'd-up Gall'ry-Sinner.
And pray who can for such a Blouze be ready,
Having just pass'd five half-hours with my Lady?
Not but some of ye, tir'd with ev'ry Grace,
Like a Clean Apron, and a Country Face.
Nay, oft, neglecting Beauty, Sense, and Wit,
With Ugly Masks you've stoln out of the Pit.
Thanks to good Order, now that Sport is over;
Tho Hoods o're Nose have Charms still for a Rover.
Fancy's deprav'd, in these degen'rate Days,
And the Whim rules for Women, and for Plays.
When tir'd with Da'nties, wou'd not Trash go down,
You'd starve half our poor Ladies of the Town.
Yet tho we promise but our humblest Sport,
We hope some Claret's mixt among the Port.
Most Comedies owe something still to Farce;
Port, Dash'd with French, may pass, now good Wine's scarce.
You'd break most Poets, and Comedians too,
And all the Town's Adulterating Crew,
If, like our Vintners, you'd not let 'em brew.
That you can swallow, nay, you can't forbear it,
And for Red Cyder pay the Price of Claret.
Most Nymphs are so sophisticated too,
You'll in a Side-Box scarce find one that's true.
Pure Nature costs too dear, or seems too Chaste;
Refin'd our Notions, but debauch'd our Taste.
Comedy to your Smiles has just Pretence;
But Farce shou'd make you Laugh, in spight of Sense.
A harder Task, while Nature we disclaim,
The hazard greater, and yet less the Fame.
A while, ye Fair, these harmless Scenes permit
To share your Presence with more polish'd Wit.
To make ye merry sure we ought to strive;
Your Charms are brighten'd, as your Smiles revive.

Dra.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Old Mr Holdfast,	} both in Love } } with Isabella. }	Mr Estcourt.
Young Holdfast, his Son,		Mr Wilks.
Richly, Father to Isabella.		Mr Fairbank.
Townly, a Gentleman, in Love with Mariana.		Mr Mills.
Mimick, a Player; appears as a Woman, a Bully, and a Frenchman.		Mr Cibber.
Sharp, Servant to Townly: Appears also as a Captain of Dragoons.		Mr Pinkeman.
Digger, Old Holdfast's Gardener: Sometimes personates his Master, and sometimes a French woman.		Mr Norris.
Squire Lubbard.		Mr Bullock.
Salathiel, his Cousin and Servant.		Mr Cross.
Shub, Old Holdfast's Servant.		Mr Kerr.
Dragoons, Singers, Dancers, and Clowns.		

W O M E N.

Mariana, Old Holdfast's Daughter; and personates a young Rake.	Mrs Oldfield.
Jenny, Mariana's Maid; and sometimes personates the Mistress.	Mrs Lucas.
Isabella, Daughter to Richly.	Mrs Smith.
Mrs Lodgem.	Mrs Powell.
	Mr Carnaby.
Two Women.	

SCENE, a Country Town near London.

ACT I. SCENE A Garden.

Enter Old Mr Holdfast and Mr Richly.

O. Hold. **W**hy may not Marriage be a Comfort to my Autumn, as well as a Pleasure to his Spring? *September* has as good Days as *April*, and in the Harvest of Life 'tis time to taste its Fruit. My Son's younger, and Sparkles, but who would be wedded to Hungry Rhenish? Such green stuff, tho' sweeten'd, is but for Liqueurish Wenches in the Dog days of Life. But a Body and Spirit like mine, Boy, like good Mellow Hock, ripen into Strength and a Relish, and are the Delight of all Seasons. I say, Old Gentleman, thou shalt be my Dad-in-Law. Tell me of my Age! Why, my Age is—Body of me, I'm in good health—Age is for Horses, and Enjoyment for Men. If I don't make thee a Grandfire in a twelvemonth, let me father all the By-blows got in *London* within the time; and I'd as soon New Man the *French* Fleet, or Recruit the *French* Army.

Rich. Why should we blame young People for playing the Fool, when we old Fellows do the like? You made me promise you my Daughter for your Son, and now you'll have her your self.

O. Hold. Ay, Second Thoughts, and Second Glasses are commonly better than the first. Why, thus you'll save part of her Portion, she'll get a better Jointure, and I'll keep my Estate entire. An Estate dear to my Soul, my old Acquaintance, my best Friend, my Life's Blood, my Substance! And pray what young People have the Wit to play the Fool at this rate, old Boy?

B

Rich.

Rich. Well, you will not be deny'd, Mr *Holdfast* ; but the World will laugh at us for all that.

O. Hold. Why, let it laugh, Mr *Richly* ; 'tis a Melancholy World, and has need enough of Mirth. Our Comfort is, that 'twill laugh without Reason, and we'll laugh at the Fools again. All Mankind laugh at one another.

Rich. But what assurance have I that you'll keep in the same Mind ? Look you, let him that breaks off be bound to forfeit four thousand pounds.

O. Hold. Four thousand pounds ! 'Tis a great deal of Money ! But yet I agree to't.

Rich. Then I must consent ; tho' truly your Son's age and my Daughter's wou'd have made a more suitable Match.

O. Hold. What, Youth with Youth ? Fire and Tow Two Spurs and ne'r a Bridle ? That ever sixty three shou'd talk at this rate ! Why, young People are as prodigal of Love as of Money——They spend all in a trice. Our Gravity husbands it better——I've the Vigour of Youth without its Fopperies, Boy ; and yet I can love and laugh, sing and dance, and——[Sings.] *Tholl, lol, lol, lol,* tho' indeed I don't do it so very often.

Rich. Well, be it so, at your Peril.——She'll tie him off by the Fall of the Leaf. (*aside.*)

O. Hold. The good Character I had of her made me desire her for my self——How pleas'd shall I be with so pretty, so young, yet so discreet and hufwifely a Bedfellow !

Sings. *How sweet a young Spouse is,*
Whose Innocence rouses,

Till Pleasure o're Measure we feel !

She Charms us, She Warms us,

She arms, and disarms us,

With little she's pleas'd, tho' she gives a great deal.

When do we Wed ? ha ? Daddy-in-Law ? When, when

Rich

Rich. As soon as my Son the Captain of Dragoons comes. I expect him every hour — Mr Spinsuit, my Attorney, is at his Country house, next to my Lodgings: Meet me there in half an hour, and we'll Sign and Seal; and then I'll bring my Daughter to see your House. I have prevail'd with her to do whatever I'd have her.

O. Hold. You shall see in what order I keep my Family. Merry and Wise is the Word; no Extravagance, little Noise; and less Expence, and Joy to the longest Liver! We that were prodigal in our Spring, may be the more frugal in our Autumn.

Sings. In Youth we're too lavish
Of Pleasures that ravish;
We use 'em, and lose 'em as fast.
When older, tho' colder,
We're craving, yet saving,
We're Bubbles at first, but grow Sharpers at last.

Exeunt.

SCENE A Garden.

Enter Mariana, with a Book in her hand, and Jenny her Maid.

Mar. Jenny.

Jen. Madam.

Mar. Prethee take this tedious Romance from me, it gives me the Spleen.

Jen. Will you have a Book of Poems to remove it?

Mar. I han't a mind to sleep yet.

Jen. What think you of your Harpsichord?

Mar. I play too ill to please my self.

Jen. Then you may amuse your self at your Needle.

Mar. Wou'dst thou have me rob the Sempstres of her livelyhood?

Jen. Will nothing divert you?

Mar. I'm strangely tir'd with the Country.

Jen. And something else.

Mar. No Company.

Jen. No Husband.

Mar. Confinement.

Jen. An Old Father.

Mar. A loansome House.

Jen. And a Maiden life.

Mar. They may talk of the Country, but in three days I'm tir'd worse with it than with *London* in the Long Vacation.

Jen. 'Tis good for Old People, like your Father, after the busie time of Life ; Idleness, and Quiet besit an Old Man.

Mar. But for me to be ty'd to a Country House, and allow'd to See no body !

Jen. 'Tis to keep you safe, and avoid expences. Your Father loves all his Treasures Mightily.

Mar. Let him have a care ; there's more Robbing within ten Miles of *London*, than in the middle of it.

Jen. Nay, then I may be afraid for us all.

Mar. I never was so weary of a dull Lecture, or an old Fashion, as I am of this restraint——Sure to be ty'd to a thing is enough to make us hate it.

Jen. Han't you here a pleasant House ?

Mar. No Prison can be Pleasant.

Jen. The sweetest Air ?

Mar. That at *Hide Park* wou'd be sweeter by half.

Jen. A delicate Garden to walk in ?

Mar. Nothing like a jaunt thro the Streets in a Hackney Coach.

Jen. Is it not the Prettiest thing in the World to be young, handsome, and an Heiress ?

Mar. I should think it much prettier to be a young Heir. The brisk Young Fellow has the advantage over us even in Youth, and holds it all his life long too.

Jen. That is if he don't spend his Estate too fast.

Mar.

Mar. Well, I must rest contented; a Daughter in dependence, like me, can call nothing her own.

Jen. But her desires, Madam; and by desiring a thing very much, she seldom fails of obtaining it at last.

Mar. My dear *Jenny*, if thou canst prevail with the Gardener to let in *Mr Townley*, unknown to the old Servants, there may be hopes.

Jen. That Rogue of a Gardener is the most sharp-sighted Spy of 'em all; he's the Old Gentleman's Favourite, and does with him what he pleases; nor is he the first impudent-cunning Fellow that has govern'd a Wiser man than himself; yet, as he's bold, Money is the more likely to engage him.——

Mar. Hold, my Father's coming, and in good humour I believe.

Jen. Nay, he's always in good humour, when he's pleas'd; but try his Purse, or his Temper, he grows as fretful as an old Maid before her Glass.

Mar. Hush! Remember he's my Father.

Jen. That may be, and he's my Master, but what of that? I may know more of him than you think.

Enter Old Holdfast.

O. Holdf. *Mariana*, how is't Girl! What's the matter, Baby? thou lookst Melancholic.

Mar. Only a little thoughtful, Sir.

O. Holdf. Why, there's no harm in that; Young Folks may be thoughtful; for troubles to come; and Old People jovial for those that are over. But prithee don't be too thoughtful; it will be time enough when thou'rt Married.

Jen. Why, Sir, she has little to entertain her besides her thoughts.

O. Hold. What's that to you, Huzzy? that's better than ill Company.

Jen. Not always, Sir.

O. Hold. Yes, always, Mistress, what; wou'd you have her be still gadding abroad? No, things that have too much Air, are quickly blown upon.

Jen.

Jen. And those that have too little, quickly grow Mouldy.

O. Hold. Hold your tongue, you sawcy-Baggage — these Chamber Implements spoyl all our Children; our Daughters with ill Counsel, and our Sons with Wantonness.

Jen. Would you have a Young Lady See no body?

O. Hold. I'll have no unnecessary Visits: Those above us despise us, those below us we despise, Equals seldom care for one another; and who a plague wou'd value Company?

Mar. Sir, I am to be wholly govern'd by your Will.

O. Hold. Why, that's my good Girl! and my Will is only to make thee happy! Come, prithee be merry, our Fair is to day; I expect some Friends, and thou shalt have a Fairing! A brisk young Fellow, some six foot high, there's a Fairing for a Girl of thy Inches.

Mar. To day!

O. Hold. Yes, to day, I tell you: Why this Surprize? — Look you, Daughter, I force no body, but I will be obey'd.

Mar. aside. I must retire to hide my disorder. *Ex. Mar. and Jen.*

O. Hold. Humh! I don't like this! But at worst I'll over-rule it; and by disposing of her privately to the Squire, and of my self to my Rich Young *Isabella*, I shall be too cunning for 'em both —

Enter Digger, singing a piece of an old Song.

O. Hold. *Digger* prithee leave off Pruning, and have an Eye to the House. This must be a day of jollity, Boy — I hope to be Married to day.

Dig. Then mercy on you, for a deadly harden'd Sinner.

O. Hold. Why, where's the harm?

Dig. To your self — Han't you been slav'd enough; you've had two Wives already? — the first plagu'd you, because she had too much Virtue; You plagu'd t'other, because she had no Virtue at all —

Rest

Rest their Souls both! — Pray Sir, what Wife will Your Worship have next.

O. Hold. Oh the prettiest in the World —

Sings. She's a pretty Merry Lass, *This Song is*
Very clean, very fair, *Mr Estcourt's.*

With a Face

And an Air,

Such as Nature design'd her.

Constant and Kind,

And Sound Limb and Wind,

And just as you leave her you find her.

She's ——— She's — adad I can't tell thee yet what she is —
She's as Gay as the Spring, as Warm as Summer, as Mature
as Autumn

Dig. And is to be Married to Winter. 'Tis a strange thing now, that all Men expect to Marry such Wives, when the deuce o' one of 'em is to be had.

O. Hold. Ah *Digger*, hadst thou seen my Mistress thou'dst be of another mind.

Dig. Then let me see her ——— A Fools advice is good sometimes, especially in Marriage: I've serv'd at the *Spring Garden*, *Cupid's Garden*, and the *Worlds end* ——— We have dainty Fruit gather'd there ——— But adad, Master, a deal of it is rotten.

O. Hold. Rotten!

Dig. Ay Sir, the powder'd Caterpillars make sad Work there.

O. Hold. But mine has the Blue of the Plumb upon her still; thou shalt see her, *Digger*.

Dig. But Sir, why shou'd you load your self with the Burthen of a Wife, till you have got rid of the trouble of a Daughter? She's ripe Fruit too Sir, there are greener than she are laid in the Straw.

O. Hold. Oh! I don't forget her ——— I expect a Husband for her out of the Country every moment ——— the Son of an old Acquaintance of mine, and I hear a pretty kind of a Fellow.

Dig.

Farewel Folly: Or,

Dig. Odscooks, if she does not like the Husband you give her, she'll chuse another besides; and then what with her Man and your Man there will be sad doings: She's arch and gamefome; and there's a Young Smock-fac'd Long-Perriwig'd Snuff-taking Fellow comes fleering about here with a buffie idle Face; he has worm'd himself into her acquaintance already.

O. Hold. Without my knowledge!

Dig. Ay Sir, Fathers and Masters have commonly the good fortune to be the last that know what passes in their Families——Look you, Sir, your Orders are follow'd; no Strangers are suffer'd to come within your Doors without your leave—But he gets in an Evening into a Tree in the Narrow Lane, at the end of our Garden, and there he sits staring like an Owl out of his bushy Wig.

O. Hold. What then?

Dig. Why then Mrs *Mariana* clammers up the Wall, like a Wild Cat, by the help of the Fig-tree.

O. Hold. And what then?

Dig. Why then she squats her down on the top of the Wall, and there the Owl and the Cat jibber jabber together. Now if the Young Fellow should Clamber up to her, and rob the Orchard? Look you to that Sir, the Pear is ripe and tempting, and your *Londoners* are mere Cormorants in a Garden, they will have Fruit one way or other.

O. Hold. Thou'rt in the right, *Digger*, I'll Marry her to break the Neck of this Intrigue; but first I'll examine her about it.

Dig. Pshaw, do you think Young Females are so foolish now adays as to tell all their little Concerns to their Fathers? No, no, they learn better things of their Mothers: Leave me to pump out the whole matter—I'll do't I warrant you, and you shall Know it all.

O. Hold. Do so, good *Digger*, and lose no time; mean while I'll go to *Spinsuit* the Attorney. *Exit O. Hold.*

Dig.

Dig. Do, Sir ; and leave me to do the rest—Well, there's ne'r a Master in *England* now but thinks himself wiser than his Servant ; but some of 'em are wretchedly mistaken. Why, here's a Master for ye now ! I have made a Fool of him these four Years ; and let me see e're a Master make a Fool so long of a Servant. But whom have we here ?

Enter Townley in a Cloak.

Townley to himself. The Old Gentleman is gone out, and I have ventur'd in thus far to come at the Daughter— Could I engage the Gardner—

Dig. aside. Hah ! What does he say ?

Town. But he's an impudent prying Rascal.

Dig. He's talking of me. *aside.*

Town. Hah ! here **he** is. My Dear Friend— *To him, smiling, and clapping him on the Shoulders.*

How is't ? 'Tis an Age since we've seen one another.

Dig. An Age ! That's but a hundred years ; it must be longer than that, for I've quite forgot you.

Town. Come, I must make you drink to refresh your Memory.

Dig. Drink, that makes me forget my self, as well as you, Friend.

Town. But don't you remember me then ?

Dig. Oh ! Yes, I do remember—that I never saw you in my life.

Town. Don't you know that we went to School together ?

Dig. Ay, for I never learnt to write nor read.

Town. Then sure we knew one another at Nurse.

Dig. No, no, it must have been before that. To be sure before we were born—But come, speak the truth, han't you a mind to borrow Money of me, Child ?

Town. Quite contrary ; I have some at your service ; and if you be in the mind to— *Showing Money.*

Dig. Oh ! always in the mind to receive.

Town. Here then I give you this on the score of our old acquaintance.

Dig. And I take it on the score of that old acquaintance, that is so much older than our selves:

Town. You'll like me mightily I dare say; I have but one fault in the World ——— I don't value Money.

Dig. I value it enough for us both. But come, don't go so round about the Bush with me; you come on some Love matters about my young Mistress. I'll tell you a Secret; be sure you keep it, as well as I'll keep your Money.

Town. Never fear.

Dig. Our Daughter is neither to be let, nor sold. [*Going.* And so farewell, old Acquaintance; that's all.

Town. Hark you.

Shows him a Purse.

Dig. You've such winning Friends to recommend you; we must be acquainted ——— I have seen a foolish Hedge-bird hopping hereabouts of late, is not that your Master? Adzooks was I blind! Sir, I beg your Worships pardon for calling you a Fool: You're the very Man.

Town. I am that warm, impatient Lover, honest Gardner.

Dig. Warm! You could not be very warm last night, when you sat cooing in the Tree. I fancy e're you went you had no need of a Cooler ——— but hush, here's one a coming ——— 'Tis her Maid *Jenny*.

Enter Jenny.

Jen. Mr *Townley*! What made you venture?

Town. You and I agreed that I shou'd engage this honest Gardner to let me in at the Back door.

Dig. Good.

Jen. My Mistress agreed to meet at your Lodge, *Digger*; and that you shou'd Chain the Great Dog.

Dig. From her humble Servant: But what did I agree to all this while?

Jen. Why sure you'll agree to all this, as well as we.

Dig.

Dig. But I agree that I shall not.

Jen. Prethee have a little good Nature, my Mistrefs has sent you this Broad-piece.

Dig. No, I'll have nothing of hers. I know better things. 'Tis the Gallant's business to bear all expences, unless the Mistrefs be ugly or old.

Town. I find, my Friend *Digger* is a nice Judge in these matters. Well, here's my Purse, there are twenty Guineas in it, open it, and please your self.

Dig. Oh! Sir.

Town. Well.

Dig. There's no need to open it : I'm very well pleas'd as it is.

Town. Deserve it and welcome.

Dig. So, now we're all agreed ; 'Sbud you've done wisely to take me in.

Town. We'll rely on your Good Will and Discretion.

Dig. Oh for that never fear, I never tell tales. For Example, There's my Master a going to take a young Wife, he told it me just now for a Secret, and you see I don't tell ye a word on't.

Jen. My Master Marry again?

Dig. He'll get my Young Mistrefs married too; he expects here this very day a Country Put, who's to be his Son-in-Law.

Town. How !

Jen. Nay, 'tis too true ; he's the Son of an old Friend of his somewhere in the West. He has threatned her with that Match these twelvemonths.

Town. What shall we do to prevent it.

Jen. Dear *Digger*, help a little.

Dig. 'Sbud, how can I? ———but hold——Ay——No: Adsome that will do——I have a Cousin lives in this Town will do't.

Town. How pray?

Dig. She's a topping Dame, you must know, and one that gets Money by making of Matches; she has made so many, and so many in her time, and all without the trouble of any other Joyner: She has a clever Knack at it, I'll say that for her ——— She has a great Trade.

Jen. He's mad with his Cousin.

Dig. No, but I ben't; do you but meet us at the door, and we'll go find her out.

Town. Agreed, I'll be with you in a moment. *Ex. Town*

Dig. Look you, *Jenny*, this Young Spark has drawn us both in, and when my Master comes to know it, he'll turn us both out. Therefore let's look before we leap; as for the Purse, 'tis a good thing, there's no harm in that; but I wou'd not lose my place for all that. Hark you, she may lose what she will by the by; but I fancy she had not best Marry him.

Jen. Why, we know he's of a good Family.

Dig. Ay, but is he of a good Estate?

Jen. He does not want, and my Master has enough for both.

Dig. The truth is, the Fellow is a pretty Fellow; but when the Honey Moon is past, and the nine Months are come; Wine in his Head, and Jealousie in hers; Fondness in her heart, Variety in his; little Money in his Pockets, and less in hers; then they'll wish the Intrigue ended, on the same Tree where it began—Look you, I speak by Experience, I have been Married, and wish'd my Wife or my self hang'd a hundred times ——— But come, we'll stay for him without. *Ex. Dig. and Jen.*

S C E N E A Country Town.

Re-enter Townly on one side, Digger and Jenny on the other

Town. Well, shall we go?

Dig. Ay, Sir——No, Sir.

Town. Why? What now?

[*Looking on t'other side, and seeing Mrs Lodgem.*

Dig.

Dig. Here comes the Gentlewoman herself.

Jen. Well, I'll leave ye together.

Exit Jenny.

Enter Mrs Lodgem.

Town. What! My Old Acquaintance, *Lodgem!*

Lod. Mr *Townly.*

Town: My Dear *Lodgem!* how happy am I to find you here.

Dig. This Cousin of mine knows every body.

Lod. Can I do you any service?

Dig. How is't Cousin *Moll?* We were just coming to you; the Gentleman's up to the Ears in Love with our Young Mistress.

Lod. Then, Sir, you are not the only man who comes here on her account; there's one of your Rivals at my House, I must tell you that.

Town. A Rival!

Lod. Yes, and one that comes to carry her off at once. He has her Fathers Promise for't.

Dig. This must be the Country Put I'll lay my life.

Town. Nay, then I'm undone, unless you help me.

Lod. I'll do any thing for sweet Mr *Townly*; You're my Friend, and t'other is a Blockhead, I never saw till just now; that he came, and set up his Horses at our House. He told me as a Secret, that he wou'd not go to his Father-in-Law's, till he had privately got a sight of his Mistress; he never saw either of 'em yet.

Town. Cou'd we not put some trick upon the Coxcomb?

Lod. Nay, the Coxcomb is worthy enough to be trick'd; but 'twill be no easie task. I'd sooner undertake a man of Sense; he has seen *London* just enough to be trick'd, and to hate it; which, adding Distrust to Ill Nature and worse Breeding, like some Clowns, make him over-cautious, even to Rudeness. He has their Cunning, as well as their Boarishness: And some of 'em are too much Fools to be cheated; tho' you mean the best, they still suspect the worst.

Town.

Town. However, this temper makes him fitter to be work'd into a dislike of the Match : Let's try that, and also to work Mr *Holdfast* into a dislike of him, and so send him back like a Fool as he came.

Dig. Well, that's a rare design.

Town. But how shall we effect it? I have unluckily sent my Man *Sharp* to *London*, and I fear he'll not be back time enough. He's a cunning Rascal, if I had him here he wou'd be useful.

Dig. Some merry Fellows are at the Tavern, if we could let 'em loose upon him, they would make him fly the Country. I'll go try what I can do with 'em ; Come along Sir ; perhaps you may know some of 'em.

Exit Dig.

Town. I'll meet you there presently. Look you, my Dear *Lodgem*, I can hide nothing from you ; I'm a Younger Brother —— I have little besides Experience, that has cost me dear, and I wou'd make as much of it as I can. This Woman I am sure I love, because I venture to marry her : My Quality and her Fortune will not do amiss together ; the Business is serious, Opportunity favours, we must not let it slip : You shall be satisfied.

Lod. If we had but some cunning Fellow to help us, we might —— Well, by my truly, You're a lucky man, here's the very Person we wanted—Mr *Mimic* the Player.

Enter Mr Mimic.

Town. Honest Mr *Mimic*, welcome to the Fair. What! You come to pick up Humour here, I suppose?

Mim. Yes Sir, here are all Humours to be pick'd up at a Fair, and something else.

Town. And how go matters at the Play-house?

Mim. After the old Rate, Sir.

Town. How's that, pray?

Mim. Why they are very grave at one House, Sir ; and not very merry at the other, now no body comes behind the Scenes.

Town.

Town. Have you not full Audiences then ?

Mim. Oh yes, Sir, sometimes, and Empty Pockets very often.

Town. What becomes of all the Money you get at the Play-house then ?

Mim. Why, the Painters, the Printers, the Chandlers, the Singers, the Fiddlers, the Dancers, the Renters, the Door-keepers, Poundage and Patentees share it among 'em.

Town. This is after the old Rate indeed.

Mim. Ay Sir, a few Old Plays are applauded, and New ones damn'd in abundance. The Tragedian tears his Lungs, the Country Client stares ; the Comedian is wag-gish, the Ladies look grave, the Pit is merry, the Side-Boxes Ogle, the Middle Gallery Claps, and the Upper Gallery Roars—the Criticks have the Spleen—Rakes Intrigue, Drunkards Snore, Men of Punctilio Quarrel, and Men of Mettle Tilt ; Young Fops are Noisie, and the Old ones Touchy, and damnably Powder'd, the Orange Ladies stalk and straddle over the Benches, and the quon-dam Masks ply and strive to get their Half-Crowns again. Poor Souls ! So good Acting being little minded, our Gains decay, and the Audience now make the most sport for one another.

Town. Have you not many New Plays upon the stocks ?

Mim. More than ever will be launch'd ; we have such heaps of Tragedies, Comedies, Farces, Masques, Opera's, and what not, in the House, that we had twenty pounds bidden for 'em by a Grocer and a Pastry Cook.

Town. But why will you take such Plays ?

Mim. Why Sir, we have hopes the Town will take 'em off of our hands one time or other ; for Plays are like Women and Pictures, there's nothing so ordinary but what some body will like ; I have seen the Galleries support a Play against the Boxes, and the Noise of the Footmen impose on the Understanding of their Masters.

Town.

Town. Dear Mr *Mimick*, I always thought you had something more than Assurance; You have Wit I find. Pray let me set those qualifications at work; fifty Guineas shall wait on your success.

Mim. Bless me, Sir, what d' you mean? I never stand upon that with my Friends; I scorn to move by interest; but I never refus'd any thing for fifty Guineas.

Town. In short, I love in this Town, and the young Lady likes me; but I have her old Covetous Father to deal with, and a Country Squire, to whom he has promis'd her.

Mim. That is, I must bubble the one, and fob off the other; I'll do't: I'll do't, I say. 'Tis but a piece of my Profession, and indeed of every body's Profession; for, as a friend of ours says, in some lines which he writ for me,
Sure all Mankind the Play'rs old Motto shares,
The Play'rs act all the World, and all the World the Play'rs.
Some have such Parts, they well may blush to own 'em:
Yet totus Mundus agit Histrionem.

We're all Comedians on the Stage of Life.
What Farce will poor Beaux act, to get a damn'd old Wife!
And when they've spent the stock of Love and Guineas,
What sneaking Parts act the poor thin-jaw'd Ninnies!
How Nymphs for Lovers dress, and Patch and Paint?
One plays the Jilt, the other plays the Saint:
But of all Play'rs, beware of those that Cant.
Some smile, some prim, some leer, to gain your graces;
Some sigh, some heave their Breasts, some make grimaces;
Nay, some (poor Souls) were forc'd to hide their Faces.
They Mask'd (kind Hearts) with you to sympathize,
For Truth itself scarce charms but in disguise.
The Fair, like Fables, please with darkness best,
The naked truth too often ends the Jest,
To few, I doubt, that skill kind Nature gave,
Wisely to act between the Fool and Knave.
The World's a Cheat; and tho we keep a pother,
We're all but Play'rs, and sport for one another. *Exeunt.*

The end of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE A Country Town.

Enter Old Holdfast, with a Paper in his Hand.

O. Hold. SO, now old *Richly's* bound; and whether his Daughter will have me, or not, I shall be too hard for him——But then won't she be too hard for me? She's very young——all the better. I am not very old——and what if I were? Why mayn't a rich Man have a good Dish before him every day, to rouse his Appetite, tho he has but a peddling Stomach?——But here's my Son, I doubt he'll be of another mind.

Enter Young Holdfast.

Y. Hold. Go to, you're a Pack of Slandering Knaves. 'Tis a sign you don't know my Father. He guilty of such a Folly!

O. Hold. Why, what's the matter, Son? What's the matter?

Y. Hold. Why, Sir, some impudent Fellows presum'd to be Witty at your Cost, and spoke scandalous things of you.

O. Hold. Of me! and why did you suffer it? You shou'd have stopt their Mouths with your Fist, have dash'd their Teeth and their Slanders down their Throats——You shou'd have drawn upon 'em, have slit their Weefand, bor'd them through, and have shown the Insides of Rascals——Villains, you shou'd have said, My Father's a Gentleman by Birth, an Esquire by Title, and a Man of Honour by Principle. He has Land, Houses, Money, Stock in the Publick Funds, and might have slept in Scar-

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let

Jet and Fur, but that he declin'd it ; and you're a pack of Scoundrels — and ——— *Strikes his Son, shewing him all the while how he shou'd have done.*

Y. Hold. Hold, Sir ; the Fury of your Resentment spends itself the wrong way.

O. Hold. Did not you suffer 'em to go on then ?

Y. Hold. Had any one but my Father askt that Question, they wou'd not have lik'd my Answer. Why, Sir, who speaks ill of you speaks ill of me ; and do you think I'll suffer any one to lessen my Reputation ? I wou'd so mawl the Rogués ; so punish their Impudence.

O. Hold. *Sim,* is a pretty Fellow, after all ; he'll let no Body abuse his Father ——— but himself.

Y. Hold. Do but hear what Stories they raise of you ; but I'll cut their Throats, Sir.

O. Hold. Ay, ay, that's one way to lay their Tongues : But what do the Villains say of me ? Tell me, I wear a Sword ; and ——— thou shalt draw thine for me, *Sim.*

Y. Hold. Why, Sir, they have the impudence to say ———

O. Hold. Say ! What ? What do they say ?

Y. Hold. That you are going to be Married, Sir.

O. Hold. Oh ho ! ——— And is that all ?

Y. Hold. All ! Why, is not that enough, Sir ? Don't I know 'tis false ? I have call'd 'em a thousand Fools and Blockheads. Are you not asham'd, said I, to talk thus of my Father, an ancient Gentleman, with the Infirmities of Sixty five about him ?

O. Hold. And who order'd you to talk at this rate, Sirrah ?

Y. Hold. Your Honour, Sir.

O. Hold. Your Excuse, Sir, is like most Excuses, worse than the Fault ——— Busie not your self with Men's Honor, and least of all with their Age ——— How can you tell how old I am ? Half the Beaux in your Side-Boxes are as old as I.

Y. Hold. But I han't told you all, Sir ; ha, ha, ha ! [*Laughs.* I can't think on't without being merry. ——— A very foolish story,

Rory, tho meant to vex us, will make us laugh in spight of our Teeth—They told me, ha, ha, ha. [*Laughs again.*]

O. Hold. Well, and what did they tell you, ha, ha!

Mimicking a forc'd laugh.

Y. Hold. That you had ask'd *Isabella* of her Father for your self, Sir—For me, I grant it : I know it well enough, and I still thank you for't ——— But for you, for your self to Marry her.

O. Hold. For me, for my self to Marry her! Bless me! What a Wonder the Fellow makes of it!

Y. Hold. Ay, Sir, was there ever such a foolish Thing laid to a Wise man's Charge! But I let 'em know how ridiculous they were. ——— What, said I, wou'd my Father, with whose Encouragement I have courted *Isabella*, ask her for himself, after he has obtain'd her Father's Consent in my Behalf?

O. Hold. Ay, but I've thought ———

Y. Hold. First, he's too good a Father to do me so much wrong.

O. Hold. Ay, ay, but ———

Y. Hold. And if he wou'd Marry again, he is too wise to confine his Gravity to the Lightness of Eighteen.

O. Hold. But what if ———

Y. Hold. He has laugh'd too much at those who run that venture ———

O. Hold. I begin to be out of patience.

Y. Hold. I have heard him say, that, to an Old Man, a fine Wife is like a fine House, the Master is lyable to all Taxes and Repairs, tho he often holds the least part of the Premisses.

O. Hold. Will you ne'r have done, you eternal Prater?

Y. Hold. That those who own the Tree don't always get the Fruit; and some may keep the Fruit, while others shake the Tree ——— That too brisk a Mate is like too brisk a Horse, and will soon fling a weak Old Man into a Ditch.

O. Hold. Will you hear me at last?

Y. Hold. My Father has liv'd too discreetly all along to act so strangely in his old age.

O. Hold. Han't I forbid you to talk of my Age, Sirrah?

Y. Hold. I speak of it but to commend you, Sir.

O. Hold. I will not be commended, Sir ; and to put an end to your Sharn-Commendations, know that whatever was told you is true.

Y. Hold. How, Sir ! You Marry *Isabella* ?

O. Hold. Yes, Sir ; I Marry *Isabella*. I have her Father's Word for't.

Y. Hold. Her Father promise her to you ?

O. Hold. Yes marry did he.

Y. Hold. For your self, Sir?

O. Hold. Yes, for my self, Sir——Why not as well as for you, Sir ?

Y. Hold. With Submission, Sir, her Age makes her not so fit for you as for me.

O. Hold. Without Submission, Sir ; her Age makes her fit for any Man ; but yours does not make so fit to be a Judge as your Father.

Y. Hold. It may make me fitter for a Husband than my Father.

O. Hold. We'll try that, Sir.

Y. Hold. And will you indeed Marry my Mistrefs, Sir?

O. Hold. I will Marry My Mistrefs, in spight of all your Wheadles, as soon as her Brother the Captain of Dragoons comes home.

Y. Hold. Pardon me, Sir, I cannot believe it.

O. Hold. There's a Rogue, won't believe his own Father ! and pray, Friend, what makes you so incredulous ?

Y. Hold. The small Likelihood of the Matter. Consider, Sir, Nothing can be worse for your Health.

O. Hold. What then ? I've a Mind to be sick.

Y. Hold. And I have a Mind to cure you, Sir.

O. Hold. I won't be cur'd, Sir——Go, get cur'd your self, you Quack Doctor——'s Bud, why do I stand talking
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ing here, when Mr *Richly* stays for me? — Hark you, offer but to look on *Isabella*, and I'll never look on you — I will marry her, tho' 'twere but to vex thee, I'll fettle all I can upon her, to make her Love me the more, and I'll get her with Child every year, to vindicate my ability — Then will I leave thee as bald as an Egg, as Splenatick as a meer Critic, and as poor as a meer Poet — Forbear then; if you don't, I'll cut you — I'll cut you off with a Shilling, Sirrah — *Exit Old Holdf.*

Y. Hold. Oh! Interest, that, that's my Enemy — My Father is richer than I, and in all Rivalships, for Empire or a Mistress, the strongest Purse is sure to succeed.

Enter Sharp.

Sharp. Sir, Sir, — He does not mind me — Sure he has lost his Money, he's so thoughtful. [*aside.*] — Sir, my Master desires to know if he may wait on you.

Y. Hold. I am so distracted, honest *Sharp*, I am not fit for Conversation.

Sharp. I'm sorry for't, Sir. But if you did not hate Questions (for in your Case I my self am confoundedly peevish) I wou'd beg to know what makes you so sad? If you've lost your Money, we'll borrow some for you; if you've lost your Health, I'll help you to a Cure; if you've lost your Mistress, I'll help you to another — If you've lost your Father, you've got a good Estate; and if you've not lost him, why then he's alive still; and you'll find in me the most Sovereign Antidote against the Unreasonableness of Fathers.

Y. Hold. Ah! *Sharp*, my Misfortune admits of no Remedy.

Sharp. Come, no matter. Speak, Sir: I love a desperate Business: I go about it the more boldly — If we miscarry in it, there's no Credit lost; and if we succeed, it crowns us with Glory.

Y. Hold. Hold, here comes Mr *Richly*, prithee leave me, and come back when he's gone.

Sharp.

Sharp. Dead, or alive, Sir, ———— *Exit Sharp.*

Enter Richly.

Y. Hold. Ah! Sir, must I believe what I have heard?

Rich. Dear Mr *Holdfast*, I'm sorry for you; but in short 'twas not to you that I had given my Word, but to your Father; if he disappoints you, 'tis his Fault, not mine.

Y. Hold. Oh, Sir, you distract me, you kill me: I can never outlive this Misfortune!

Rich. What would you have me do? Here's the Counterpart of a Bond I've given to perform Articles.

Y. Hold. I'll pay the Penalty out of the Estate my Uncle left me——Dear Sir, I beg you, retrieve me from the Grave——I only valu'd Life, while the hopes of passing my Days with You and your fair Daughter sweeten'd the Thoughts of Living; and if I must not hope for that happiness, I am resolv'd not to outlive the fatal Disappointment.

Rich. But——if——Why——here's a poor young Fellow loves me strangely——Why did not you——a Murrain o' the four thousand pound Penalty, and on him that occasion'd it——Hold, I had forgot, he's your Father——I'll go try what I can do with him—— *Exit Richly.*

Enter Townly and Sharp.

Town. My Dear Friend, you see here one of the most Unfortunate Men in the World.

Y. Hold. Then I see two, my Dear *Townly*; for none can be more unhappy than your Friend.

Town. I've heard of your Disappointment; but pray let me tell you——

Y. Hold. I know your unkind Father will not do for you what he ought; but pray hear how cruelly my Father——

Town. He's going to Marry my Relation, your *Isabella*, and I pity you: But tell me if any thing can equal my Misfortune——

Y. Hold.

Y. Hold. I have a sence of it——But mine is not to be conceiv'd.

Sharp. Pray, Gentlemen, have done, I beseech ye——You are both of ye the most unfortunate persons in the World. *Mr Holdfast* is more unhappy than my Master——That's certain——But then my Master's more unhappy than he——That's positive——But what if, instead of tormenting your selves, we endeavour'd to get you some Ease? I have Bowels of Compassion for poor young Creatures in Distress.

Y. Hold. Prethee, what Ease can I hope for? I am mad; for had I to do with any one besides a Father, then——

Sharp. Oh then——I understand you. But 'tis not allow'd to beat one's Father——Not but that, if you had a great Mind to have it done, there are Ways and Means that wou'd take off half the heinousness of the Deed at least.

Town. What does the Fool drive at?

Sharp. Look ye, in that case, each of ye shou'd recommend his Father to the other; and when it grows dark, and they are going home——there wou'd be no need to beat 'em downright——By no means——I have more Respect for the old Gentlemen than that comes to——But one might shake 'em a little, and scare 'em handsomely——They might dye with the Fright, and I'll be hang'd if ever they serv'd ye so again.

Town. If I take a Cudgel; Rascal.

Sharp. Nay, pray, Sir, don't be angry——I only spoke this by way of Conversation——There are gentler means.

Town. Find 'em out then, to serve my Friend and me; and I'll forgive thee the next time thou getst drunk.

Sharp. I drunk! I never get drunk, Sir——However; pray remember your Promise.

Y. Hold. And I promise thee thirty Guineas, if thou preventst my Father's Marrying *Isabella*.

Town.

Town. Now, you Rogue, have your Wits about you.

Sharp. Thirty Guineas! That's thirty two pounds five Shillings ——— Did you see your Father, since you know his Design, Sir?

T. Hold. See him; ay, and spoke to him too:

Sharp. You told him you wou'd by all manner of means hinder his Marriage.

T. Hold. I did; but all signified nothing.

Sharp. Was there ever such an obstinate Father, to offer to Marry thus without his Son's Consent! ——— But was the Lady's Father as hard-hearted?

T. Hold. Had he not unluckily bound himself in four thousand pounds, I might have prevail'd.

Sharp. Let me alone to manage him ——— Pray tell me, is your Father still mighty covetous?

T. Hold. Oh! more than ever.

Sharp. Oh ho! You are stingy, old Gentleman. I'm glad on't with all my heart ——— Let me see ———

T. Hold. But we must be speedy; for they stay but for *Isabella's* Brother, who is a Captain of Dragoons, and they expect him every hour.

Sharp. Good ——— this helps our Imagination ——— I promise you the Captain will be here this very Evening, and make his appearance like a man of Importance ——— As good Luck will have it, there's a Troop of Dragoons quarter'd about a mile off, and a Cousin of mine is one of 'em ——— Ten or twelve of his Companions and I ——— Don't trouble your self in the least, Sir ———

Town. What dost thou intend to do?

Sharp. Why, Sir, don't you conceive? We'll have rare Sport. In the first Place, to oblige Mr *Holdfast* ——— But I won't tell you all, you'd know as much as I ——— This only I will say, hope for the best.

T. Hold. Dear *Sharp*, I shall be eternally oblig'd ———

Sharp. Oh! Sir, your most humble Servant ——— Complements in the midst of Business are like Similies in the midst

midst of Passion——Mind the Main——not forgetting the thirty Guineas. *Exit Sharp.*

Town. Now, my Friend, you've eas'd your Mind a little, give me leave to do as much——I'm in Love, and 'twas You gave the Occasion, by suffering me to see your Sister——I find there's no access at this Country-house for a Lover, at least not for a younger Brother, and I hear she's design'd for a Squire——I cannot live without her——I have employ'd some Engines to put off the Match——Be still what you profess, a generous Friend, and while we work for you, do what you can for me.

Y. Hold. I will; tho truly my Father will hardly part with her on easie terms——however she has a Fortune at her own Disposal, gain her Good Will, and rest assur'd of mine.

Town. Thanks, my kind Friend——let's walk this way, I long to know how my affairs go on. *Exeunt.*

Enter Squire Lubbard and his Man Salathiel.

Lub. Come along, *Salathiel*, and keep close to me for fear of the worst. We are near *London Town* still——I'll e'en try to steal a sight of this Mistress of mine unknown, to see how I shall like her.——These *Londoners* are sly Jockeys: They chouse one another in Wives worse than we do in Cattle. The Truth is, in Horse Flesh and Woman's Flesh, there's damnable Cheating ev'ry where——But adad some of us are as sharp as they, and can Cheat 'em in both——*Salathiel*, walk handsomely behind me——You're my Footman now, d'ye hear?

Sal. Why, zure! Your Vootman, *Cosen Lubbard!* I am your Kindred, tho you have here put me in a Vool's Coat.

Lub. Look you, you are my *Cosen* at home; but at *London* and at this Father-in-Law's of mine, you shall be my Footman, for the honour of the Family, d'ye hear?

Sal. Yes, *Cosen.*

Lub. Yes *Cosen!* You must say, Yes, Sir, Booby.

Sal. Yes, Sir, Booby.

Lub. Hold, Sot! The Booby is You, and the Sir is to me—— This Fellow will always be a Blockhead—— Hark ye, not a Word of our Wench *Susan*.

Sal. No, no; nor of the little Boy at Nurse, *Cofen Marmaduke*.

Lub. What, at your *Cofens* again?

Sal. Whaw! What need you be in such a pelting Chafe? I have been us'd to *Cofen* you these vive and twenty Zomers: I can't leave it all of a sudden, zure.

Lub. This hard-headed Dunce will certainly disgrace me—— I had best go alone to my Father-in-Law's—— Hark you, Numskull.

Sal. Yes, *Cofen*—— Yes, Sir.

Lub. Wait at a Distance; if you offer to go in after me, you shan't eat these three Days.

Sal. Never fear, *Cofen Marmaduke*.

Lub. Humh! [*Grins at him*] *Cofen* Son of a——

Salathiel removes to a Corner of the Stage.

Enter Mrs Lodgem.

Lod. What, Sir, you're angry with your Footman.

Lub. 'Tis a poor Parish Boy that I've brought with me out of Charity, to learn him a little Wit—— I my self came formerly to *London* on purpose—— Before that, I was the clumsiest awkwardst Thing you ever saw truly.

Lod. 'Tis charitably done indeed, to take Care thus of your Relations.

Lub. Oh, he's related to me but a great way off—— he's but the Grandson of the Left side to the Daughter of a Bastard Child, whose Natural Father descended from a By-blow of our Family.

Lod. A fine Pedigree indeed.

Lub. 'Tis to keep me from encreasing in that way, that my Father sends me hither, and Marries me so young; for I am yet but eight and thirty come next *Childermas-day*—— and I'm the only Male Issue of the Legitimate Line of the *Lubbards*—— A Family that has had in it I don't know
how

how many Justices of the Peace, Militia Captains, Town Clerks, Assessors of the Taxes, and Squires that have stood for Parliament Men ——— Tho I think none of 'em were chosen.

Lod. Mr *Holdfast* must be proud of such a Son in Law.

Lub. But, Mistress, is his Daughter pretty? We *Lubbers* have commonly handsome Wives.

Lod. You shall be Judge of that your self, Sir.

Lub. I hope she's Virtuous at least ——— Some of your *London* Wives are Devilish gamesome.

Lod. Why truly they are apt to Multiply on the Left side too as well as the *Lubbers*. They have their Intrigues, their Taverns, their Play houses, their Balls, their Music-Meetings, their Basset Tables, their Lectures, their Walks, their Wells, their Baths, their Hackney Coaches, and many other pretty Devices.

Lub. Why 'tis much at one in the Country, truly: Our Women have Wakes, Fairs, Riding, Racing, Woods, Fields, Hedges, Haycocks, Husbands sopping abroad, and Husbandmen labouring at home.

Lod. How d' you intend to pass your Time there then?

Lub. Why, when I get drunk, my Wife shall get drunk with me, and I'll keep no precious Man for her ——— When 'tis fair, she shall Walk, or Ride, or Hunt with me; and when 'tis foul, I'll sit and read *Baker's Chronicle*, the *Compleat Farrier* and the *Seven Champions*, while she Stills, makes Salves, and drens Linnen; and sometimes, when I'm in the humour, she and I will have a Game at All-fours.

Lod. But pray, Sir, why wou'd you come so far to seek a Wife that you don't know? Have you not Ladies enough in the Country?

Lub. Yes, yes, more than are good. I had two or three Mistresses, but was always crost in Love. The first I lov'd mightily; but one day we happen'd to squabble about *Pam* at *Lantreleu*, she threw the Cards in my Face, I flung the Counters in hers, and so I ne'r saw her since.

The next lov'd me as much as I lov'd the first ; but some damn'd Strowlers came and acted the *Rival Queens* in our Town, and a plague take her, she ran away with *Alexander the Great*.

Enter Mimic, like a very tall Woman in gaudy Falbelows.

Mim. in a feign'd voice. Well, this Falbelow Mode becomes one strangely ! What a janty Air it gives ! 'Tis a rare Contrivance to hide a great Belly, or a little Pilfering : And I question whether the Shop-keepers have not lost more by Falbelow'd Scarfs, than they get by the Falbelow Fashion.

Lub. Hey day ! What ha' we here ! The Knave of Spades in Petticoats.

Lod. That Rogue *Mimic* I protest. *[aside.*

Mim. How d'ye, good Mrs *Lodgem* ?

Lod. Your Humble Servant, Madam.

Mim. I was told that my New Fellow, my Country Lover was at your House. Why han't the Brute been to pay his Respects to me ?

Lod. Come, Mr *Lubbard* ; this is your Mistrefs, Mr *Holdfast's* Daughter, Why don't you salute her ?

Lub. Salute her ! 'Sfish how can I, unless you set me upon a Joynt-stool ?

Mim. Pray dear *Lodgem*, what Fellow's that ?

Lod. 'Tis Mr *Lubbard*, your Country Lover, Madam.

Mim. What, that great Booby ! That Bull-fac'd Thing ! That *Scaramouch* Look !

Lub. How prettily she describes me ! Look you, Mistrefs, don't abuse my Face ; I have seen a worse stuck with Patches in the first Row of your Playhouse Gallery.

Mim. And I never saw a worse in a full Wig in a Side Box.

Lod. A very civil greeting——One wou'd swear they were Man and Wife already.

Mim. However he has a good Husbandlike Look, and if he dares provoke a Person of my Figure to Marriage, et him take what follows. *Lub.*

Lub. If I do, let *Old Nick* be the Joyner—— You are a Figure indeed, with a *French Face*, a *Welsh Air*, an *Irish Shape*, and a *Dutch Grace*—— Is this your *London Love*, with a Pox!

Lod. Oh, Sir, this is nothing : Our Town Ladies are all Spirit, and much upon the Raillery ; but when they come to be Marry'd, they grow the tameſt Creatures.

Lub. That's a damn'd Lye, I believe. *aside.*

Mim. What, not a Word, not one Bow, not one Salute ! Are there any extraordinary Marks of a Coxcomb about your Head, Sir, that you keep it cover'd ſo cautiously ?

Lub. Yes, Miſtreſs ; I ſhou'd ſhow a Pair of Affes Ears, ſhou'd I pull off my Hat to you.

Mim. If you and I ever come together, I'll make your Head ſhow a Pair of ſomething elſe.

Lub. 'Sfiſh, ſhow what you will, you and I will never come together, you Mawkin, you!

Mim. Rude Monſter, to uſe a young innocent Creature thus!

Lub. Whaw ! She weeps ! Sure 'tis to mend her Face ! Here *Salathiel*, Saddle the Horſes. From your *London Cry*, a Wet Harveſt, a Wheadling Jade, a Blubbering Wench, and *Old Nick* in Petticoats, deliver me, ſay I. [*Going.*

Mim. Hold, you ſhall not leave me thus.

Lub. 'Sbud wou'd you raviſh me ! Let me go, or I'll thrash you.

Mim. What threaten, Villain ?

Lub. Nay, don't urge me, or I'll do worſe.

Mim. Hah ! Offer to ſtrike a Virgin, Sirrah ?—— Come on, Scoundrel.

Lub. My Horſes, *Salathiel* ! If ſhe beat a man before ſhe Marries him, what will ſhe do afterwards. *Going.*

Mim. Oh ! here's my Father coming, he ſhall take you to Task.

Enter

Enter Digger limping, and drest in an odd antiquated Dress, with a Patch on his Eye, and with a silly sneering Look.

Dig. Well, he, he, he! They say my Son-in-Law is here, he, he, he!

Lod. This is Mr Holdfast, Sir, why don't you speak to him?

Lub. The Devil it is. A very pretty Family truly!

Mim. Father, that great Booby has affronted me: Pray teach him more Manners, or I'll fetch some body that shall. Exit Mimic.

Lub. *aside.* So, here's one dreadful Thing, if not two, coming upon me, Marriage and Cutting of Throats! I like none of 'em, truly.——Look you, Sir, I did not affront her: I only call'd her Mawkin.

Dig. Pshaw, pshaw, that's nothing, good Mr Lubbard, he, he, he! As she grows up, she'll grow wiser, he, he, he! My Daughter's a little tart, he, he, he, and you may be a little hot, he, he, he! But you'll agree the better, he, he, he.

Lub. Shall we so, he, he, he!

Dig. Yes, Vinegar and Pepper will do well together, he, he, he!——But hark you, Son, how does the Old Numps your Father? a sad Dog he us'd to be: You're mightily like him, he, he, he! Is he the same Sot, the same Rascal still? he, he, he!

Lub. Rascal. My Father a Rascal!

Dig. No, no, not altogether a Rascal; only a little Knavish or so, he, he, he! There's no harm in that, Son: I was a sad Rascal my self, he, he, he!

Lub. A whole Family of Fools——Hark you, Mistress What-d'ye-call-'em, Are you sure I am right? Was that she I came to Marry, and is this Fool her Father?

Dig. Yes, Sir: My Name's Holdfast, my Daughter's Mariana, he, he, he; and yours is Lubbard, he, he, he!

Lub. Ay, 'tis so, he, he, he!

Lub. But pray good Mr he, he, he, let me speak to this Gentlewoman a little——Are you sure there's no other Family of the *Holdfasts* hereabouts?

Lod. Not one, unless they be of the Left side, as in your Family.

Lub. Why then I wish 'em all hang'd, drawn and quarter'd, Right side, and Left side. Hey day! What have we here? *A Noise of Fiddles.*

Lod. Some of our Friends come to plague him.

Enter several People, who have been set on to banter Lubbard; they come up to him one after another, and greet him after a ridiculous manner, surrounding him, and singing what follows, accompanied with Fiddles.

“Welcome, welcome, Noble Squire! [*They all repeat this*
 “Of your Bride we wish you Joy! *line one after ano-*
 “And at nine months end a Boy, *ther, and then all*
 “Such a Lubbard as his Sire. *together.*
 “Welcome, welcome, noble Squire.

Lub. What a Plague means all this?

Lod. Oh Sir, 'tis the way of this Town, when such a one as you comes to wed an extraordinary Person.

One sings. “How happy is he who takes a Wife
 “Well practis'd in the *London* Life!
 “Dull Country Brides a Sence may want
 “To hide the Favors which they grant,
 “But *London* Wives Coquet by Rule,
 “Discreetly please the Men they Fool.
 “How happy's he who weds a Wife
 “Well practis'd in the *London* Life!
 “Welcome, welcome, noble Squire.

Dig. Well, this is a joyful Day! Here, Scrapers and Musicians, here's somewhat for ye to drink, and mend your Voices. *Exeunt Singers and Dancers, some of 'em first crowding about him, and robbing him.*

1 *Woman.* Will you go with me, Sir?

2 *Wom.* Have a care of her, and come along, Squire.

Lub.

Lub. I thank you Mistress. I'll have a care of my Pockets, and go with neither. Avaunt ye Witches you, I defy ye all —— 'Sflesh, I think they have stoln my Hanger —— *Salathiel.*

Sal. Yes, Sir Cousin, I saw a fine Gentleman take both Knife and Sheath. I expected he would have put it up again.

Lub. Why did you not give me notice, you Doddipole?

Sal. Why, he made signs to me to keep Council; and he draw'd it out so cunningly, I was mainly diverted a seeing him.

Lub. A Murrain on thee, and thy Diversion; let's after 'em. *Going.*

Re-enter Mimic like a Bully.

Dig. Oh, Mr *Lubbard*, he, he, he! Here's my Cousin the Officer.

Mim. Unkle, I am yours —— ha! By my Sword, a sturdy Fellow! —— Moons and Doubloons, he has the Face of a Lyon, the Chest of a *Dutch* Horse, and the Back of a Dromedary. He'll become a Musquet greatly —— Dost thou want Employment, Friend, ha? Come, thou shalt serve in my Company.

Lub. 'Sbud, Sir, I am for serving no body; and I don't like your Company, truly.

Dig. Why, Cousin, this is my Son-in-Law that's to be, he, he, he!

Mim. Say you so? Why then wish ye Joy! —— Cousen, your hand.

Lub. Cousen! A pretty Kindred truly.

Mim. Your Hand, I say, Glove and all.

Lub. Glove and all then —— I shake hands with the whole Generation.

Lod. Have a care, Sir, this is the Bully of the Family.

Lub. I beg his Pardon, I did not know his Office.

Mim. What not know me? Not know Bragadeer *Holdfast*, General of the Piccaroons, Adjutant to the Campers and Carcasses, and First Corporal of the Guards. *Lod.*

Lod. Don't provoke him; he makes nothing of killing a Man, when he's fuddled.

Lub. Mercy o' me, where has my Father sent me! A Man shou'd have serv'd a Prenticeship in *Bedlam* to fit him for this confounded Family——The Nephew has the Roaring of a Lyon, the Father the Grinning of a Monkey, and the Daughter the Impudence of an Orange Wencher.

Mim. Come Cuz, we must be drunk together, towards our better acquaintance.

Dig. Ay, one must begin with something, he, he, he! My Cousin makes rare Punch.

Mim. Rare Punch, quoth he! Why, I was Punch-maker General at *Port St Mary's*——Fire and Brandy, Sir, we must tope together.

Lub. Oh dear Sir, I give you many thanks; but verily, Sir——

Mim. Blood and Battel, Sir, you shall go.

Lub. Alas, Sir, I never drink truly.

Mim. A Country Squire, and never drink! What a Monster here is! But you smoke, Sir, you have a funking Physiognomy.

Lub. They have all a Slap at my Face! Indeed I hate a Whiff of Tobacco like any Beau, Sir.

Mim. Hang this silly sort of a Country Cousin! The Put is good for nothing——Unkle, you don't intend they shall Marry so soon?

Dig. Nay, there's no such haste.

Lub. No, truly, no such haste indeed, Sir.

Mim. Then he shall first serve two or three Campaigns under me. By that time he has lost a Leg or an Arm, he'll make a pretty Fellow. I'll have him knock'd o' the Head but I'll make something of him.

Lub. I am well satisfy'd that my Legs, my Arms, and my Head stand as they are, if you please, Noble Cousen Bragadeer.

Lodg. But this is his way of making Recruits, Sir.

Mim. Come on, Cuz, March along. Follow me.

Lub. If you love Marching, Cuz, pray march by your self.

Mim. Fire and Granadoes, Do you Mutiny? ha!

Lub. Bless the Queen, Sir, I say! I only Mutiny against Punch; for it makes me Sea-sick. But hark ye, Cousin Bragadeer, if you'll carry me to a Vessel of true born *English* *October*, if I don't make you lose both Legs and Arms, and your Head too, then carry me where I may lose mine —
Lead on.

Mim. A Match! There spoke the Spirit of a true born Country Squire.

Lub. aside. There's some damn'd Design; but mum! A Plague o'the Bragadeer and all the Family.

Dig. He, he, he — he, he, he.

Lod. So, the Squire is in good hands, and so far all goes well. *Exeunt.*

Enter Old Mr Holdfast.

O. Hold. I shou'd have been taking a Wife; but the taking of Money, which is not the worst Business of the two, has somewhat detain'd me. However, I have warm'd my Blood with good Wine on Free Cost, and now I will outlove five and twenty.

Re-enter Lubbard, follow'd by Digger.

Dig. What flinch, Son *Lubbard*, he, he, he! —

Lub. Help, help, good sober People, help!

Dig. aside. Ha! My Master by! Nay, then I must flinch too. *Exit Digger.*

O. Hold. What's the matter? Who are you, Sir?

Lub. Who, I, Sir? — I — I am — I am — so frightened — I han't Power to tell you. I was sent hither on a Fool's Errand, to Marry the Daughter of one *Holdfast*, as great a Rogue, as sad a Scoundrel as e're peep'd out of a Pillory.

O. Hold. I a Rogue! You're a Rascal, and an insolent Fellow, Sirrah.

Lub.

Lub. Hey day ! What's the matter with him ? Is he Mad too ?

O. Hold. Why do abuse People of Reputation, Sirrah ?

Lub. Why do you espouse People of no Reputation, Sir —————

O. Hold. No Reputation !

Lub. No Reputation, I say ————— Sure I'm able to deal with this old Fool ——— Look you, Friend, if you knew the Old Ninny *Holdfast*, you'd say as much as I.

O. Hold. I do know him, Sirrah.

Lub. Well, and is not he a sad Dog ? I'll be judg'd by you now.

O. Hold. Was there ever such Impudence ?

Lub. I wish any Body were by, to judge who's Impudent, you or I. He's blind of an Eye, and Lame of a Leg, he's drest like a Taffy, sneers like a Ninny, and looks like an Ass. Don't I draw him to the Life ?

O. Hold. Sure he can't mean me. *aside.*

Lub. Then his Daughter's a wry-fac'd, Nutcracker-Chinn'd, Lanthorn-jaw'd, flatbreech'd, straddling Pair of Kitchin Tongues, with a Whey Face as sharp as the Edge of a Chopping Knife. Do you know 'em now ?

O. Hold. This is some trick that's put upon you and me.

Lub. Upon me ! I defy 'em to put any Tricks upon me.

O. Hold. In short, I am the only *Holdfast* in this Place, except my Son.

Lub. And I am the only *Marmaduke Lubbard* of *Taunton Dean*, except my Father.

O. Hold. My Daughter's well shap'd and handsome.

Lub. And I am strait, and not ugly ——— And so here's her Match before you, and there's my Old Man's Letter ——— But how shall I be sure I am right ? *Gives Holdf. a Letter.*

O. Hold. This is my old Friend's hand ——— and this a good rough-hewn sort of a Fellow ——— Give me thy hand, Son-in-Law that's to be, thou'rt welcome !

Lub. Ho ! I fancy I shall like these *Holdfasts* better than t'other.

O. Hold. I'm stay'd for hard by, and yet I can't find in my heart to leave you here— Oh yonder's my Gardener—

Enter Digger in his Gardeners Dress.

Digger, wait on this Gentleman to my House, and bid my Daughter entertain him like one that's to be her Husband. I'll be with you as soon as possible ———

Lub. I'm deadly affraid of lighting on the ugly *Holdfasts* again ——— This Fellow's as like the *Holdfast* I saw e'en now, as a Taylor's like a Thief, only he's not blind of an Eye ——— He has his Sneer, and his Hanging Look to a hair.

Dig. Bless me, Sir! What d' you mean? I am a poor innocent Wretch, ask my Master else.

O. Hold. Ay, ay, he's a very honest Fellow. Pray go with him. *Exit O. Holdfast.*

Lub. This other Father-in-Law is a Cods-head too ——— But I'll pump this Varlet. *aside.*] ——— Hark you, Are you not that limping sneering *Holdfast* that was, ha?

Dig. Who I, Sir? I never sneer'd in my Life, seriously.

Lub. Look you, Friend, I say nothing; but you are a damn'd Rogue, I believe ——— I'm deadly loth to go with thee, for fear of some Trick ——— But I'll believe none of ye, and so all's one ——— Come along ——— You han't a Fool to deal with.

Dig. aside. We may make you one, for all that, before we part ——— he, he, he. *Exeunt.*

SCENE A House.

Enter Richly, Isabella and Sharp.

Rich. Ads my Life, say you so? I've no mind to pass for a Mad-man.

Sharp. Then pray, Sir, think no more of that ridiculous Match.

Rich. Ay, but the four thousand pounds Penalty.

Sharp. Let it not trouble you, I tell you. What wou'd it signifie that your Friend Mr *Sharp* has Wit, cou'd he not bring you off with Flying Colours. *En-*

Enter Young Holdfast.

Rich. Oh, Mr *Holdfast*, thank this honest Lad: he's going to work for you, and if he can free me from your Father, without paying him the four thousand pounds —

Sharp. You pay him the four thousand pounds! 'Tis he must pay it us, Sir. As for you two, seem very submissive to Old Mr *Holdfast's* Desire — I'll take care of the rest — I hear him, we two need not be seen. *Ex.*

Richly and Sharp.

Y. Hold. Say, Madam; shou'd Fortune still cross my Designs, will not Duty, joyn'd with Indifference, make you Marry the Father, and destroy the Son?

Ifab. Do not tax me with Indifference, tho I dread to disobey my Father. I hope Fortune will relieve us, and a Woman's Endeavours are still most successtul at the last —

Enter Old Mr *Holdfast*; singing — he stops, seeing his Son.

O. Hold. How! My Son with my Mistrefs! — Madam, as an Instance of my Passion, see how I'll — — But nothing rashly — — First, let me pay a Fee to those pretty pouting Lips — — [*Kisses Ifabella*] Kisses as sweet as a Glas of Canary, and warms me ten times more — — Sirrah, keep off, while I make my Addresses — I've a good mind to — — to spare the Rascal for your sake — — Your Presence protects him, Madam — — but did I not forbid you, Sirrah —

Y. Hold. Sir, I have at last done you and my self Justice — — I find 'tis a Folly to oppose a Parent's Will, and I submit to yours.

Ifab. And I, Sir, will the sooner comply with that of my Father, since your Son shews so little Regret to lose me.

O. Hold. Verily, you please him strangely — — [*aside to Ifab.* He's a sad Fellow, Madam, 'tis well you're rid of him. *To his Son.* Well, *Sim*, thou'rt a good Boy truly: I'm overjoy'd to find thee so dutiful — — Let me Kiss thee, Dear Rogue — — I promise thee I will give Thee — — Well, I love thee strangely, *Sim* — —

To

To Isab. So that, Dear Madam, we have no more to do but to get all things ready for your Wedding.

Isab. The sooner the better, Sir.

O. Hold. Ha! you little Rogue! Does your Pulse beat Matrimony?

He sings. Since Wedlock has Blessings uncommon,

Let's Marry as fast as we can :

'Tis never too soon for a Woman,

And never too late for a Man.

Hark you, let's do like other young Couples, Marry first, and get all things ready afterwards.

Isab. No, Sir, we grave Couples shou'd proceed a little more decently.

O. Hold. Then what shall we begin by, I'm in haste, Child.

Isab. By what Men that Marry shou'd begin, Sir.

O. Hold. And what's that, my little Matrimonial Councillor? ha!

Isab. By making your self an agreeable Bridegroom:

O. Hold. An agreeable Bridegroom! humh! Well, if I don't, there's no goodness in Strong Broths, nor no Life in five and fifty——But what must I do next?

Isab. Oh! a very easie thing, Sir.

O. Hold. An easie Thing! That's well——It must be an easie thing, if I do't, let me tell her that—— *aside.* But what is't, Chicken?

Isab. Only to make your self thirty or forty years younger, Sir; that's all.

O. Hold. All!——I'll give you thirty or forty years to do't.

Isab. Oh I'll do't in a trice, Sir.

O. Hold. Do, my Dear, and teach me the Secret——For such a Turn, Misers will turn Prodigals. We'll beggar half the Old Beaux, Judges, May'rs, and Aldermen, nay, and their Wives into the Bargain.

Isab. Nay, 'tis no such Secret, Sir.

O. Hold.

O. Hold. Ha! You Wag! Then I have you; and you can do't, nay, you have don't in a trice——Adad, a Pretty Woman is a kind of a Conjuror, that will make a jumble of Nature; she'll make an old Fellow young, and a young Fellow old, and turn Men and Ages topsy turvy.

Isab. I only mean, you'll look younger in a Modish Dress——Yours looks somewhat old fashion'd, Sir.

O. Hold. Never the worse for that, Girl. Commend me to your old fashion'd Buildings for Strength——Hang your slight Modish Paper-ribb'd and Paper-scul'd Tenements——They are but the second-hand Stuff of the old ones, crazy and rotten, and want Props before they are forty.

Isab. But still an old Building looks best when new-vampt up. Long fair full Wigs and gay Cloaths make most of our Beaux young adays, whatever the poor Creatures are anights.

O. Hold. And you wou'd see me in a Youthful Dress?

Isab. A Woman wou'd always have her Lover as youthful as possible.

O. Hold. Say you so? Well, I will be a Coxcomb, to shew you how much I love you——But, Madam, Raillery apart, let's e'en Marry——Do, I am merry and loving; I have a good Estate and a handsome House. My Daughter goes far enough off with a Husband; my Son will go and be knock'd o' the head in the Wars, and you and I will make much of one another.

Isab. I told you, Sir, I am wholly govern'd by my Father; but since you've mention'd your House, I've a good mind to see it.

O. Hold. Come along then: You'll find a goodly Fabrick, large profitable Gardens, Substantial old Furniture, clean warm Rooms——

T. Hold. aside. And a cold Kitchin.

O. Hold:

O. Hold. sings. Let me have a Warm House, with a Stone at the Gate. And a cleanly young Girl——

Y. Hold. sings. To shorten your Date.

O. Hold. No; to rub, rub, rub my bald Pate. *Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE A Country Town.

Enter Townley and Lodgem.

Town. **T**hat this *Lubbar'd* shou'd so unluckily get from the wrong *Holdfast's*, and stumble on the right! Cursed Fortune!

Lod. Come, Sir, never rail at Fortune, she's like the Great, more ready to bestow Favours, than to pay Debts; but Men of Resolution will have Justice at last.

Town. Nay, I'll not easily give over, while I have Friends, or Money, or a Sword, and *Mariana* is the Prize.

Lod. Bravely resolv'd. We'll all redouble our Endeavours, and like a great General, even after a Defeat, you'll rise the more dreadful to the Enemy——We have been plotting agen: *Jenny* will act a Part, and even your Mistress has been prevail'd with to do as much——Haste to her, Sir, while her Father is out. *Digger* will let you in privately, and tell you the whole Design.

Town. Since Beauty joyns with us we shall succeed. *Exeunt.*

The Scene draws, and discovers a Chamber.

Mariana in Man's Cloaths, Jenny by, making an end of Dressing her.

Mar. Well *Jenny*!

Jenny. Madam——I had almost said, Sir; you become the Breeches so well.

Mar.

Mar. Why prethee how do I look?

Jen. Just like a Young Heir, newly set up Love and Extravagance.

Mar. Am I any thing like a Man then?

Jen. Not altogether——But as much as a Woman can be.

Enter Townley.

Town. Sure now I may come in.

Mar. What, without Leave?

Town. My Friend *Digger* assur'd me that you were ready, and Formalities are not made for fond Impatient Lovers.

Mar. That's a mistake, Sir; were there no impatient Lovers, there wou'd not be half the need of formalities.

Town. Why, there is nothing formal in your appearance; the best Criticks in Dress might here find that easie engaging Air, which they talk of, and so seldom attain.

Jen. The Truth is, you make so pretty a fellow, that, as I'm a Woman, 'tis pity You were not a Man.

Town. Ay, but then You are so fine a Woman, Madam, that no Man wou'd have You be any thing else; Yet pray fancy you're a Man, that I may claim the priviledge of Sex, and kiss a thousand times the lovely charming——

Mar. Hold, hold, people will mistake us for a Couple of Beaux——'Tis not handsome for Men to kiss one another——

Jen. Chiefly while there are so many Women lye idle. Hush. Some body's coming——Away to our Corners: If 'tis the Country Squire, you know your Cue. *Exeunt*

Townley and Jenny.

Mariana sits in an arm'd Chair, and lolls in a careless posture, humming a Tune. Enter Lubbard.

Mar. Sure 'tis the Booby, and alone, as we wish'd.

Lub. Hither I'm got, and left alone too: I'm not affraid of a Woman——but yet I'm vext this Father-in-Law was call'd away——Ha! whom have we got here lolling? Sure I've mistaken the Room.

Mar. Whom do you want, Friend ?

Lub. No body, no body, Sir ; I only want a Maiden Gentlewoman of eighteen or twenty.

Mar. You may want her long enough here!

Lub. Mrs Mariana Holdfast.

Mar. Oh she's in the next Room — She's but laying on a little Complexion.

Lub. Complexion !

Mar. What, You are her Shooemaker, I suppose ?

Lub. I a Shooemaker !

Mar. Why, You are not genteel enough to be her Taylor.

Mar. But I hope I'm genteel enough to be her Husband.

Mar. Her Husband ! Ay, ay, any thing is genteel enough for that.

Lub. Perhaps so, Sir.

Mar. Ay, but many a Woman is too genteel to make a Wife, Sir.

Lub. I may make her one, if I please, for all her Gentility, Sir.

Mar. What, then you're the Man we've waited for so long out of the Country ?

Lub. Yes, Sir, for want of a better.

Mar. Oh ! Sir, You're very welcome ! I had rather you shou'd have her than another.

Lub. Oh ! Sir, You're most Humble Servant ! But why so, Sir.

Mar. For a reason best known to my self, Sir.

Lub. And won't you tell a body, Child ?

Mar. I do not much care if I do, Father : That Solemn Face of yours is my Warrant that I may do it safely.

Lub. As safely as to your own dear Face in a Looking-glass — A notable Impudent Young Dog this. *aside.*

Mar. Know then, Sir, that, when we Town Sparks are tir'd with a Fashion, such Chapman as You are welcome to carry it down into the Country for a new thing.

Lub.

Lub. Why, then we are even with ye, d'ye see ; for, when we've had enough of a good thing there, We send our trash to you *Londoners*, and it goes down with ye for dainty Fruit.

Mar. Well said, old Boy ; and much good may't do thee with thy bargain ! Women and Fashions here are left off in a fortnight, and a Second hand Suit will serve in the Country as well as a new one.

Lub. Humh ! Then, Sir, You are well acquainted with the fashion of the Lady.

Mar. Between you and I, no body better, Sir—— I am thoroughly acquainted with her.

Lub. Thoroughly !

Mar. From Head to Foot ; I know her all over, Sir.

Lub. A pretty intimate kind of an acquaintance truly. And have you known her long, Sir ?

Mar. Oh ! Sir, a great while ; and if you cou'd keep a Secret——

Lub. Oh never fear, Sir.

Mar. I——I——use to lye in her Chamber.

Lub. Do you so truly ?

Mar. I'd tell you more, but you'll tattle.

Lub. Do you take me for a Woman ?

Mar. Last night we lay in the same Bed.

Lub. Humh ! And You like Your Bedfellow very well ?

Mar. So well, that this very night I must lye with her again.

Lub. Ah, Rogue !

Mar. To tell you the truth, I can't well go to Bed without her, and she can't go to Bed without me, poor Soul.

Lub. A pretty easie kind of a Bride I am to expect, truly.

Mar. Sure you do not intend to break off the Match now you have gone on so far ? What I told you must not hinder you. A man of Resolution, or who's in Love to some purpose, never stands upon such trifles as these now adays, especially about *London*.

Lub. Pshaw, all this is nothing, Sir : A man that loves in good earnest, will never grudge to have the Dear Creature diverted.

Mar. Especially when another bears most of the Expences, old Boy.

Enter Townley, singing a piece of an old Song.

Town. Where is this Lady of the Castle? ——— Ha! Sir *John* here! Dear Knight, let me Kiss thee. I'm ravish'd to have thee in my Arms.

Mar. Hold, Sir, you mistake me for *Mariana*.

Town. May I dye if I cou'd embrace her with more pleasure.

Lub. How these ugly Beaux make love to one another.

Mar. Pray, familiar Sir, forbear, and do not think to drown my resentment in your impudent Caresses. Did not I forbid you all manner of pretensions to this Woman.

Town. I wou'd not quarrel with thee, my Dear; but thou hast had her long enough, prethee leave her to me now. I have hopes of her Company to night.

Lub. A pretty way of making Court to ones Rival truly.

Mar. Look you, I will lye with her to night in spight of all the World, Sir. I am not weary of her yet. Stay but my time, and thou mayst have her yet, Boy.

Lub. So, first come, first serv'd. Then when comes my turn?

Town. Prethee be quiet; I come hither by her appointment.

Mar. Then you shall go away by mine, Sir.

Town. How, Sir?

Mar. Look you, Sir, I hate Replis; there's a Shorter way of arguing — Draw.

Town. Look you Sir, you bluster because you've your Yeoman of the Guard with the *Saracens* Head to back you. But come one to one, and I'll entertain you both.

Lub. What a, Sir! I am a perfect Stranger to the Gentleman's person. I desire none of your entertainments truly.

I wou'd

I wou'd sneak off, but that plaguy little Devil stands before the Door. *aside.*

Mar. Then stand by, and see fair play.

Lub. Hold! — I shall have ye poke me through the Guts by Chance medley, or you'll Murther one another, and I shall be Suspended for doing nothing — Pray, No Drawing here, good Gentlemen! Have a little Consideration; You may Murther one another somewhat more decently in the street.

Mar. Well then I'll not draw here; but let that Block-head and you leave me to my Pleasures.

Lub. With all my heart.

Town. Ha Blockhead! There! — Thus Boys shou'd be us'd when they are faucy. [*Strikes Lubbard instead of Mar.*

Mar. Boys! I shall be hard enough for you, I warrant you. There, Sir. [*Strikes Lubbard instead of Town.*

Lub. Hold, hold; You two quarrel, but 'tis I bear the blows.

Mar. You shall feel what 'tis to provoke me. I'll apply something to your Head. *Takes up a Chair, and offers to hit Townley with it, he does the like.*

Town. Come on, Sir, I'll match you at your Weapons.

Lub. 'Slife I shall have my Head comb'd with a Cane Chair. Hold, Gentlemen: You'll dash my Brains out — I shall be crush'd to death. Murther. [*Lubbard is all this while between the two Chairs, guarding his Head.*

Enter Jenny in a Coquettish Dress.

Jen. Bless me! Fighting here! Hold, ye Devils you. Lay down your Arms. Hath there not been quarrelling enough upon my account? At a time I was dressing for a Matrimonial Squire, will you ruine me quite.

Town. Well, Sir, I'll take another opportunity, and I'll have satisfaction too of this Fellow for hindring me.

Mar. He held me, or I had maul'd your Sconce, Sir. But I'll cut his Throat before I leave him.

Lub.

Lub. Good Gentlemen, pray make an end of your own Quarrel first. 'Slife, I came out of the West to Marry here, that's a Venture dreadful enough to a Squires Head sure: Must I hazard my whole Body too? — For ought I see the Lady may entertain us all.

Jen. What, then you are the Dear Man I expected. Let me embrace you, Sweet Sir.

Lub. A good easie way of beginning acquaintance truly.

Jen. But are you the *Lubbard* I am to Marry indeed?

Lub. Yes, Madam, at your service.

Jen. A proper man, and not quite so ugly as I expected. I don't know but I may like him well enough for a Husband in time.

Lub. Heh! The Jade is smitten with me already.

Jen. Boy, some Wine! Or are you for a Dram, my Dear? I have the best cool Nants or Ratafia in any Lady's Closet in the Kingdom. Some Chairs — Come sit down, you have too much sence to mind these Fellows. I can't get rid of the Rogues: They are somewhat rude, but you'd think 'em most diverting Conversation, if you knew 'em as well as I do.

Lub. Ay, if I knew 'em as well as you do — Where am I got again! [*aside.*

Jen. We must dispence with a little Impertinence, Child, else 'twere Melancholic living, here in the Country — Come Spouse, My Service t'ye. You're welcome.

Lub. aside. Wou'd I were as well gone — The ugly and the handsome *Holdfasts* are all alike, truly.

Mar. Come, the Squire's Health! Since Marriage is his aim, I give way, *en gallant homme*, and wish him joy.

Town. I do as much. Come his Health. 'Tis well done, to countenance those that Marry, for the Encouragement of those that don't.

Lub. We are much oblig'd to ye, truly.

Mar. But you must not spoyl the Lady, Sir! She is the best condition'd thing in the World. With such a Wife you'll never want company.

Town.

Town. You want something still to make you a Compleat Husband, but she'll finish your Worship.

Jen. Oh yes, I must make a Beau of you, my Dear.

Lub. A Bull, my Dear.

aside.

Mar. She'll pass the Winters with us in Town.

Town. And we'll pass the Summers with her in the Country——We'll make you quite another Creature.

Lub. That I believe.

Jen. Hold your tongues, you Monkeys, or get you gone——My Dear and I must talk a little together. Well, when shall we marry, ha?

Lub. coughs. Humh! She's in haste——My service t'ye first. [*Drinks*] More Fiddles! more Mischief. *A noise of Fiddles.*

Enter Mimic, dancing to the Musick, in a Foppish French.

Dress, with some Fiddles with him.

Mim. Quand je m' eveille je veux boire——

Town. Ha! My Friend Mimic again.

Mim. Ha! Here be very great deal Company. No matter. Dis be de Fair time——and me bring always my own Welcome——Ah *Mademoiselle Mariane, Mon Ange*——

Jen. Hold, Sir, you *French-men* are somewhat too quick.

Mim. Begar, not for de Ladys, I hope, my Dear.

Town. Perhaps not for your own, but our Ladies love a little more Modesty.

Mim. Begar if de *English* Modesty be good, de *French* Assurance be better.

Jen. But, Monsieur, You reel, and you *French* use to be soberer. How came to drink so much?

Mim. Because 'tis now de fashion. Begar me do it out of Complaisance, to keepe de Ladys Company. You dance our Minuet and Rigaudon; We your Jigge and your Country Dance: We teach you to drink de Vater, You us to drinke Punsh: You like our Sauce and our Salad; We begar eat your Pudding and your Roast Beef.

Lub. Plague on your Complaisance. [*aside.*

Jen. Prethee go home to your Wife, I have an honourable Lover here.

Mim. Pshaw, me no matter your Lover nor my Wife — Oh begar, here she is.

Lub. I'm glad on't with all my heart.

Enter Digger, dress'd like a French-woman.

Dig. Where be dat Rogue my Ousband ?

Mim. Here, Madame, a votre service.

Dig. Ah ! Coquin ! You keepe de bad Company.

Mim. Jernie must be very bad to be vorse den yours.

Dig. Ah Ingrat ! Where will you find sush fine brown Complexion ? Sush fine black Eyes ? Sush fine Airs ?

Mim. Begar de good Taught to drown de Noise — Play, de Fiddle. Show your fine Airs, Madamoiselle. *Al-lons.*

[The Fiddles play a Minuet, Townley takes Digger by the hand, and they begin a Dance.

Enter Old Mr Holdfast, Isabella led by him, and Kitty after her.

Lub. Hey day ! Here's t'other Father-in-Law.

O. Hold. Hey ! Whom have we here ? *Jenny !* Why in this Dress ? — Where's my Daughter, Huzzy ? — A shame on her, this must be she in Man's Cloaths ! — Bless me ! What's the meaning of all this ? *[Ex. Jenny, Mimic, Digger and Fiddles.*

Isab. My Cousin Townley here !

She goes and talks privately with Townley.

Mar. Forgive me, Sir — To avoid an unpleasing Match.

O. Hold. You unqualifie your self for any Match at all — I'll hear no more — You must and shall Marry this Gentleman.

Lub. What, me ? Two Words to a Bargain — She's a pretty Rogue ; but she's a damn'd little Bully-heck — No, she's too familiar with the Breeches to have any thing to do with mine — So I'll e'en trot back to seek fresh Fruit in the Country, and do you e'en wear out your Town Fashions, and second hand Things among your selves

selves, with nothing about you but what's Counterfeit; false Prospects, false Lights, false Hair, false Calves, false Faces, false Maids, false Wine, and false Women. [Exit Lubbard.

O. Hold. to Isab. Madam, you find my Family somewhat in Disorder: But I'll soon set all right.——My Children's Disobedience shall but make way for your advantage——So let 'em e'en turn out, and live on what their Unkle left 'em, while you and I stay here, and enjoy one another.

Town. Be pleas'd, Sir, to——

O. Hold. Sir, I will not be pleas'd——at least not with you——Pray who are you, Sir?

Isab. He's a Worthy Gentleman, and my near Relation.

Town. Sir, I have Forgiveness to ask rather than Favor. I have aspir'd to your Daughter without your Leave——Love is all my Excuse. My Name is *Townley*: My Birth and Family are well known: My Fortune is not great, but yet not contemptible. I have try'd the Follies of Youth enough to despise 'em, and wish now for nothing but the Lovely *Mariana*, and your Consent, to make me the happiest Lover, and the most observant Son-in-Law in the World.

O. Hold. A pretty Fellow this, if Words wou'd do. [*aside.* To him. Sir, I respect your Family, and don't dislike your Person. But fair and softly; I'll hear what Mr *Richly* says of you.

Isab. Go to my Father, and get him to be your Friend.

Town. I will, and mean while take my leave. [Ex. Town.

Mar. There's nothing here now can engage my stay.

Exit Mariana.

Isab. Why, Mr *Holdfast*, this is all wrong: I love Musick, Dancing, and Jovial Company. To have mix'd with 'em, had been better than to fright 'em away.

O. Hold. Oh! We'll be more merry by our selves, Dear Madam.

Sings. " Sure no Musick is so sweet

" As when two kind Lovers meet.

" Both in Tune, in proper Place:

" Just the Treble, and the Bass.

" None to know but Love and they

" How they toy, and how they play,

" With a zing, zon dong, and a Merry Song, all along.

Ifab. Well, for my part, I think my self but half happy if others don't share, or at least know and envy my happiness. Give me Mirth, Treats, Balls, Fine Cloaths, Jewels, a great Equipage, rich Furniture. How yours looks! Foh! The outcasts of some Country Inn! I must have all things new and fine, when I fix here.

O. Hold. Bless me! I took you for the best Huswife in the World. Sure I dream——Or you're but in Jest.

Ifab. Oh! A Woman's always in Earnest about these matters——I'll have all the old Servants, all the old Lumber turn'd out.

O. Hold. But what if I won't, dear Madam?

Ifab. I'll do't whether you will or no, dear Sir.

Enter Young Holdfast.

Y. Hold. What, at variance already, Sir?

Ifab. Only practising a little Matrimonial Music, Sir.

Y. Hold. Methinks you're somewhat out of Tune, tho.

Ifab. What shou'd a Woman sacrifice her Youth for, but to make herself amends in something else.

O. Hold. Very pretty e'faith.

Y. Hold. Oh Sir, this is nothing when once you're us'd to't.

Enter Digger in his Gardener's Dress.

Dig. Bless me, Sir, what shall we do? Here's a whole House and Yard full of hugeous grim Souldiers, just come in a foot and a horseback. The Folks think 'tis the whole Army. There's a fine Gentleman among 'em, who they say is the Brother of my new Lady that's to be.

Ifab. Sure 'tis my Brother the Captain, with his Troop
——Let's go meet him.

Ex. Isabella, Kitty and Digger.

O. Hold.

O. Hold. Well, now we shall see this noble Captain. Do you know him?

Y. Hold. Very well, Sir; he's a brave desperate Fellow, fit for the Post he's in.

O. Hold. I've no great affection for Souldiers.

Y. Hold. As you love Peace, let him not perceive it, Sir.
Enter Sharp like an Officer of Dragoons, several Dragoons after him. Isabella and Kitty.

Sharp. Halt! Fire and Plunder, What d' you mean, Gentlemen! At an Attack, or your Quarters, you Dragoons are still for pushing beyond your Orders——Four of ye will be enough here——So——it seems, Sister, I cou'd not have come in a better Time——They told me at my Father's Lodgings that you were here and expected me.

Isab. 'Twas kindly done——This is the Gentleman to whom my Father Marries me.

Sharp. Who, this young one?

Isab. No, that Gentleman.

Sharp. Oh! Ay, this looks like a Husband, and a grave Fatherly Choice. Our old Gentleman us'd indeed to say, he wou'd have a Man of Years and Discretion. Most Husbands must act the part of Guardians in this Age:

O. Hold. Why, this Captain talks as wisely, as if he had been Married himself.

Sharp. My Reverend Brother-in-Law, we must be better acquainted.

O. Hold. With all my heart, good Captain.

Sharp. Your Looks don't promise a numerous Broods Brother——You have liv'd, and I fancy you Marry more for a Friend than for a Bedfellow——But pray who, this young Gentleman? I shou'd know him. Sure 'tis *Sim Holdfast!* Honest *Sim*, that I shou'd find thee here! Thou art so alter'd I protest I scarce knew thee.

Y. Hold. This is my Father's House, *Jack*; and he's going to Marry this Lady.

Sharp. Mr Holdfast ! I only knew you by Reputation, burn me. Well, we'll talk of Business presently — Here, heigh ! Where are my Fellows ? Busie with my Horses, I suppose — Gentlemen with your Leave — We Souldiers are not us'd to much Ceremony — Brother Dragoon, prethee help me off with these Things. [*A Dragoon helps him to pull off his Great Coat, &c.*

O. Hold. The Captain is a pretty Fellow enough, but he has an ugly Crew at his heels. [*aside.*

Dragoon. Where will you have these Things laid ?

Sharp. Where you will — I fancy my Quarters now are at my Brother-in-Law's, there no Room at my Father's Lodgings.

Y. Hold. I shall be very glad of your Company — Here, see that the Captain's Things be laid in the Chamber next to mine. [*Ex. Servant, with Sharp's Coat, &c.*

Sharp. Well, now what's to be done ? When is the Wedding to be ?

Isab. Why, first there must be new Furniture, Coaches, Liveries, Cloaths —

Sharp. Hold, good Sister — Let's Marry as we are. Death and Ruin, what need is there of all these Things ? a Married Life is expensive enough without 'em — I already look on Mr Holdfast as my Brother, and I wou'd save him — None of these Expences, if you love your self.

O. Hold. A Notable Fellow this for a Souldier ? Who'd have thought it of a Man of his havocking Trade !

Sharp. But e're we talk more of these matters, I cou'd wish my Equipage were taken Care of — We have had a long March, and I have here a good many Men and Horses, that have not refresh'd since morning.

Y. Hold. We'll take Care of 'em : My Father has room for thirty Horses in his Stable.

Sharp. Just what I wanted.

O. Hold.

O. Hold. Ay, but I have neither Oats nor Hay——If I had, it shou'd be very much at your Service.

Y. Hold. I beg your Pardon, Sir, I saw Hay and Corn brought in this Afternoon.

O. Hold. Bless me, Sir! You're very Diligent! Who bid you trouble your self?

Y. Hold. Ben't uneasie, Sir: 'Twill be but for a Day or two; and, if you'll believe me, we'll send 'em then to your other House twelve miles off——There they'll find enough for Men and Horses.

O. Hold. Ah, thou mischievous Son of a——I must be devour'd at home and abroad, must I?

Sharp. Plunder-Quarter.

2d Drag. Here, an't like your Honour.

Sharp. How many Dragoons have we here?

2d Drag. Four, and fourteen more about the House, Sir.

Sharp. How many Horses?

2d Drag. Eighteen, besides your six.

Sharp. How many Servants?

2d Drag. Five, an't like your Honor.

Sharp. Let all things be ready to morrow, to march where the Gentleman will tell you.

2d Drag. Ay, but to night where do we Quarter?

Sharp. Where? Dull, dull, for a Dragoon. 'Slife, are not we well here?——My Men don't know you yet, Brother.

O. Hold. aside. I don't much care they shou'd, Brother.——What a dewse means all this! He who but just before was for putting me to no Expence, now makes nothing of bringing forty or fifty Mouths to eat me out of House and home.

Sharp. calls a 3d Dragoon to him. Terror——Hark you, We're in good Quarters: Live like Princes: Eat lustily, tope abundantly, and drink the Gentleman's Health——For your Horses, see 'em well litter'd, and full fed, like
your

your selves ——— But no Noise : Be as civil ——— as you can : There will be no need to beat any Body here.

3d Drag. We'll keep good Order, Sir.

O. Hold. Ay, ye look like orderly Gentlemen indeed.

Sharp. Scar — 'em, Spare — none, Rapine, and Havock, Bully host! Where are they ?

3d Drag. Busie about the House, Sir.

O. Hold. Deliver me ! What dreadful Sounds are these ! Must all these ugly Names eat and drink at my Cost ? ——— Sure I'm got among the *French* Dragoons ! Or they think they are in *Bavaria*. How must they mawl an Enemy, if they are so dreadful to their Landlors. *Enter Shab.*

Shab. Pray, Mr Captain, order your Gentlemen to be quiet, will you ? If you don't, we must be forc'd to leave the House.

O. Hold. Ah, *Shab* ! What have they done, *Shab* !

Enter Digger.

Dig. Why, Sir, here are such rude doings ; such a havock made by these Souldiers.

O. Hold. How, *Digger* ? Tell me ———

Dig. The thorw whole Sacks of Corn down from the Cockloft, gather the Fruit off the Trees, take the Neats Tongues off the Kitchin Chimney, the Cheeses off the Shelves, Flitches of Bacon off the Racks, the Beef out of the Powdering Tub, and what not ? They've cut our poor Turkey Cock's Throat ; and they say they'll Spit Cocks, Hens, Master and all, if we don't find 'em more Victuals.

O. Hold. Find 'em Ratsbane ——— I shall be eaten up indeed ——— Noble Captain ———

Sharp. I'll go talk to 'em ———

[*Going.*

O. Hold. I'll go with you, to stop the Plund'ring of my House.

Sharp. Not for the World, Brother. D'ye know what 'tis for the Man of the House to cross these Gentlemen, when they are sharp set. *Exit. Sharp.*

O. Hold.

O. Hold. By the Blood of the *Holdfasts*, I'll ——— I'll stay till he comes back—— But 'tis very well, Madam—— If I have the Honor to Marry you, I must at the same time Marry a Regiment of Dragoons. *Enter Sue.*

Sue. Bless us, Sir, is it true your Worship order'd the Hogshhead of *French Wine* to be pierc'd, and drawn for the Gentlemen Dragoons in the Kitchen?

O. Hold. How! Pierce my Hogshheads! Pierce their Guts, or mine rather. 'Twas a Present, and will sell for forty pounds, and make ten Pipes of *English Claret*.

Sue. D'ye see now! Wasn't I in the Right to offer to lay these fine Gentlemen a Wager that 'twas a Story? S' Lidikins you have charg'd us often enough to give no Soul the least Thing in the Varfal World.

O. Hold. And I still do the same, *Susan*. Be sure you give nothing to these Fellows.

Sue. No more I won't, an't like your Worship. [*Curtseys*] D'ye see now! If I had believ'd those Ninnies!

O. Hold. He, he, he! Then you gave the Rogues none of the Wine?

Sue. Give 'em the Wine! Ads me, I knew better Things! ———e' Troth I e'en let 'em take it themselves.

O. Hold. Ha! And who gave 'em the Key of the Cellar?

Sue. The Key, an't please your Worship! Why, these Gentlemen use no Keys, Sir. They have no need of any. Look you, I can't well tell ye how they goes to work; whether they deals with the Black Art; but they no sooner shows their grim Faces before a Door, but, Bounce! Open flies Door.

O. Hold. Mercy o' me, and my Hogshhead.

Re-enter Sharp.

Sharp. Well, Brother, now be easie: Your Cocks and Hens are all in good health. I've taken care that all shall go well for the Future. You may be sure I wou'd bring no body hither but what I know to be good Sober People.

O. Hold.

O. Hold. Very Sober People truly! If these be your Sober Men, pray what are the rest of the Army?

Sharp. These are all clever Fellows, the least as tall as your Worship.

O. Hold. Wou'd their Necks were stretch'd as long as my Arm, to make 'em so much the taller! *aside.*

Enter Richly and Townley.

Rich. So, Sir! I'm glad to find you here. Now my Son's come, we'll have a Merry Wedding. I've brought this Gentleman, my Nephew, with me to wish you Joy.

O. Hold. I wish ye all as much with all my heart!

Sharp. Come, Brother Matrimony, bear up, Man.

Rich. Son, prethee look chearfully.

Isab. A little gaiety, Mr *Holdfast.*

T. Hold. Father, don't look so Melancholy. When will you be Merry, if you are not so now?

Sharp. O ho! Madam Melancholy, won't you then leave our future Brother? We'll try that presently. Come Dragoons, you've vext my Brother, you must try to divert him. Let him see your drinking Exercise.

Enter twelve Dragoons, with Drums beating, and Hoboys playing. Sharp places himself at the head of 'em, and they exercise, each with a Flask of Wine and a Glass.

Sharp. Halt.—Silence!—That's the first Word of Command.—Dragoons, have a Care.—Wheel to the Right and Left, and draw up in a Rank.—Halt.—Joyn your Right Hand to your Flask.—Poise your Flask.—Rest your Flask.—Order your Flask.—Ground your Flask.—Quit your Flask.—Take your Glafs in your Left Hand.—Joyn your Right Hand to your Glafs.—Advance your Glafs Mouth-high.—Proffer your Glafs to your Mouth.—Blow your Glafs.—Recover your Flask.—Poise your Flask.—Joyn your Glafs to your Flask.—Charge.—Rest your Flask.—Open your little Mouth.—Open it wider.—Clear one Lip with the other.—Joyn Glafs and Mouth together

ther——The Queen's Health——Swallow—— [*They all drink; the Drums beat, and Hoboys play while they drink.*
Sharp. Recover your Glafs —— Joyn your Glafs to your
Flask——

O. Hold. Hold, hold, you don't consider you swallow
all my Wine with your Drunken Exercise.

Sharp. Blood and Battel, Brother, Why d'ye interrupt
Gentlemen upon Duty? This spoys Military Discipline,
and might disorder an Army——We must begin again——
Take heed——Poise your Flask——Joyn your Glafs to
your Flask——Charge——Recharge——Rest your
Flask——Poise your Flask——Open your Mouth——
Joyn Glafs and Mouth together——The Prince's Health.
——Fire—— [*They all drink, and the Drums beat, and Ho-
boys play, as before*] —— Recover your Glafs——Extend your
Glafs——Quit your Glafs——Break—— [*They march
from their Glasses and Flasks.*

Sharp. Beat Drum—— [*They run to their Glasses and
Flask with a Huzzah.*

Sharp. Now the Dragoon's Song.

The Dragoons Song, accompany'd with Hoboys.

“ Gay Hoboys, the Dragoons Delight,
“ In Camps, in Marches, and in Fight,
“ Play on; and while our Joys abound,
“ Ye Drums, in Chorus swell the Sound, [*The Drums beat.*
“ A true Dragoon, unknown to Fear,
“ Affronting Danger, scorning Care,
“ On Foot, or Mounted, quick to Arm,
“ Is first to Charge, Defend or Storm.
“ Then let the brave Fellow be loaded with Spoils,
“ And wisely be Merry, to sweeten his Toils,
“ Sing, Drink, and Huzza, while he ventures his Blood
“ For a Queen and a Cause so Glorious and Good.

Another.

“ Who with the Dragoons can in Pleasure compare!
“ Their Home and their Mistris are every where.

I

“ They

“ They baffle all Sorrow ; ne’re lend tho they borrow,
 “ And enjoying to Day, scorn to think of to morrow,
 “ In Fields or in Quarters they lead merry Lives,
 “ And pay their kind Landlords, by Kissing their Wives.
 “ With a dub a dub, and a merry Tune, [Drums and
 “ Oh the Jolly Dragoon. Hautboys joyn in Chorus, and
 the rest of the Dragoons repeat the Burthen.

II.

“ How chearful they move, when each drawing his Sword,
 “ Charge, Charge is the cry, and then Plunder’s the word !
 “ Then bold to a wonder, and dreadful like Thunder,
 “ ’Tis vain to oppose, they’re for bringing all under.
 “ And mounting the Breach, all opposers run down,
 “ Oh then with what Pleasure they enter the Town.
 “ With a dub a dub, and a merry Tune, Oh the Jolly Dragoon !

Sharp. Well, old Boy, is not this a rare Way of making War with Thirst and Melancholy ? — What, — hum drum ?

Rich. Mr *Holdfast*, what say you ?

O. Hold. Say, I don’t know what to say — I like none of your Exercise — It puts me in mind that I am too Old for a Soldier, and, perhaps for a Husband.

Sharp. Heigh ! Are you thereabouts, Old Dry boots ? Then pay us the 4000 *l.*

Rich. Ay Mr *Holdfast*, or you’ll come by the worst on’t.

O. Hold. Heigh ! Are you thereabouts, Old Tartar Catcher ? Then pay me the 4000 *l.* or your Daughter will come by the worst on’t.

Sharp. Why, she’ll pack you off in a fortnight, and who’ll have the worst on’t then ?

O. Hold. I defy her — It may be a month before I give her occasion.

Sharp. Look to’t, if you don’t give a Woman occasion to be pleas’d, ten to one but she’ll take it to displease you.

O. Hold.

The Younger the Wiser.

O. Hold. Pshaw, set a Thief to catch a Thief——I've known Wenches, and Intrigues in my Time, and I'll find out hers, I'll warrant you.

Sharp. And what will you get by that ?

O. Hold. Get by that ?—Why; get ?—What shall I get ?—No good at all—but a Divorce——That may cost twice as much——What shall I do ? This little Dragoon is like to be worse than the other two——Well, I will not Marry——nor lose the 4000 *l.*

Rich. You need not lose 'em——Your Son may still have my Daughter, and here's my Nephew longs to be your Son-in-Law. He has Merit and Friends, some Estate, and hopes of more. Your Daughter does not hate him, and I love him so well, as to transfer to him my right to the 4000 *l.* [Gives Townley the Bond.]

Town. I own the highest obligation to my kind Uncle, yet dare not owe my happiness to a Force upon the Father of her I Love——

O. Hold. Well said——Oh I love a generous Soul——Give me the Bond.

Town. Nor can I part with that which may conduce to our Union——

O. Hold. Humh !——I thought so——

Town. Sir, let me owe that as much to your Goodness, as the fair *Mariana's*.

O. Hold. I can't part with so much——You cut me, you rack me, you tear my Heart, my Life, my Soul——I can't part with so much——

Rich. Nor we neither.

O. Hold. Humh ! Will you not——Then, look you, Since you're so positive——Take her——Since I can't tell how to help it——My Blessing too——'Twill cost ne'r the more for that——Here, *Sims*, venture on her if you dare——

T. Hold. Oh ! With all my Soul, Sir.

Mar. May Heaven preserve my kind Father——

O. Hold. From the Dragoons——Or there's nothing done——And I'll get a Barrel of Gunpowder, and blow ye all up.

Rich. They shall leave the House presently.

Sharp. 'Tis always so: When the War is over, the Souldiers are disbanded.

Y. Hold. The Captain shall lose nothing; for his thirty Guineas shall be made up sixty, honest *Sharp.*

Town. And the sixty a hundred.

Sharp. Oh Gentlemen, the Captain is your humble Servant. Some are glad of Half Pay, but you double mine——Were I to expect much Service like this, I wou'd not change Post with some Collonels.

Y. Hold. Now, my Friend, you and I will be entirely happy——

Long tofs'd in Youth, that Stormy Time of Life;

Our safest Port is a kind Virtuous Wife.

Then happy's he, who wisely in his Prime,

Can husband right his Fortune and his Time!

Heav'n seldom grants, to Men in Pleasure nurs'd,

A Second Blessing, when they lose the First.

Exeunt omnes.

The

The Mountebank.

The Humours of the Fair.

A Musical Interlude.

*Enter several Country People of both Sexes, in their
Holyday Cloaths.*

A Country Lass.

L Ads and Lasses
To your Places,
Hither merrily repair.
Courting,
Singing,
Sporting,
Springing,
All for the honor of our Fair.

The Chorus repeat the whole Stanza.

A Country Lad.

Come, all on the Grass,
Here the day let us pass :
With Music and Lasses that Love us,
We relish Delight,
Both by Day and by Night,
Far better than Lovers above us.
The Great Ones at Court
Are glutted with Sport,
Their Leisure, their Pleasure destroys :
But here at a Fair
One Day's worth a Year ;
There, There we all riot in Joys.

The Chorus.

Come, all to the Fair,
 And cast away Care:
 A Day, here among us, is worth a whole year.
A Dance of several Couples.

A Ballad-singer.

I.

Here are People and Sports,
 Of all Sizes, and Sorts;
 Coach'd Damsel with Squire,
 And Mob in the Mire;
 Tarpawllions,
 Trugmullions, Lords, Ladies, Sows, Babies,
 And Loobies in Scores;
 Some Hawling,
 Some Bawling,
 Some Leering,
 Some Fleering,
 Some Loving,
 Some Shoving,
 With Legions of Furbelow'd Whores.

II.

To the Tavern some go,
 And some to a Show,
 See Poppets,
 For Moppets,
 Jack Puddings,
 For Cuddens,
 Boats Flying,
 Quacks Lying,
 Pick Pockets,
 Pick Plackets,
 Beasts, Butchers, and Beaux:
 Dice Rattling,
 Fops Prattling,

Rook

Recks Snanining,
Puts Dartning,
Whores Painted,
Masks Tainted,
In Tallymen's Furbelow'd Cloaths.

III.

The Mob's Joys wou'd you know,
To yond' Musickhouse go,

See Saylor's,
And Taylor's,
Whores Oyly in *Doyly*,

Hear Musick
Makes you Sick ;
Some Soaking,
Some Smoaking,

Like Spiggot and Tap:

Small Measure,
Strange Pleasure,
Thus Swilling,
And Billing,
Some Yearly
Get fairly

For Fairings, Pig, Pork, and a Clap.

Exit.

A Rich Farmer's Daughter, genteely drest.

From grave Lessons, and Restraint,
I am come to Revel here ;

Yet I Tremble, and I Pant,
In the Middle of the Fair.

Oh wou'd Fortune in my way
Throw a Lover kind and gay,

Now's the Time — he soon may move

A Young Heart, unus'd to Love.

Shall I Venture ? No, no, no.

Shall I from the Danger go ?

Oh ! No, no, no.

I must not try
I cannot fly.

Help me, Nature! Help me, Art!

Why shou'd I deny my Heart?

If a Lover will pursue,

Like the Wisest let me do.

I will fit him, if he's true;

If he's false, I'll fit him too.

The Mountebank's Zany's Speech.

Gentlemen— Behold this worthy Doctor my Master: 'Tis your Old Friend and Physician *Quacksalver Kill-mob*, the Famous *High German Operator*— Never born Doctor— Seventh Son of a Seventh Son— and Tooth-drawer— That Death proroguing— Pox-confounding— Health prolonging— Save-all of Life— and Scavenger of Guts— 'Tis that Stroling Body of Physick, that has sail'd over all the Hills, and Bogs, in *Europe*, and *Asia*: *Scotch-highlandia*— *Terra Incognita*— and *Tiperary*— *Opifurque per Orbem Dicor*— He is, Gentlemen, the only true Inventor and Preparer of that Most Noble Compound, call'd *Kill-mob's Scowring Drench*; that works seven several ways at once, and is seven years a preparing. The chief Ingredients are, *Aqua Vitæ*, Gunpowder, Soap-suds, and *German Balls*— It not only Removes the Stone, Gentlemen, But wou'd blow ye up a Whole Litter of Imps, had you them in your Maw: For, Rather than not fetch out your Disease, 'twill fetch up your Pluck, Liver, Blood and Guts— *Probatum est*— He has the Rarest Secrets in the World, for the Female Sex: By which he puts such Colour in their Faces, they need buy no other Complexion.— Behold this Hide-clearing, wrinkle-smoothing, Snout-adorning Butter of Beauty— very useful for your Playhouse *quondam* Masks— Now they are forc'd to leave their Upper Vizors— If you

